

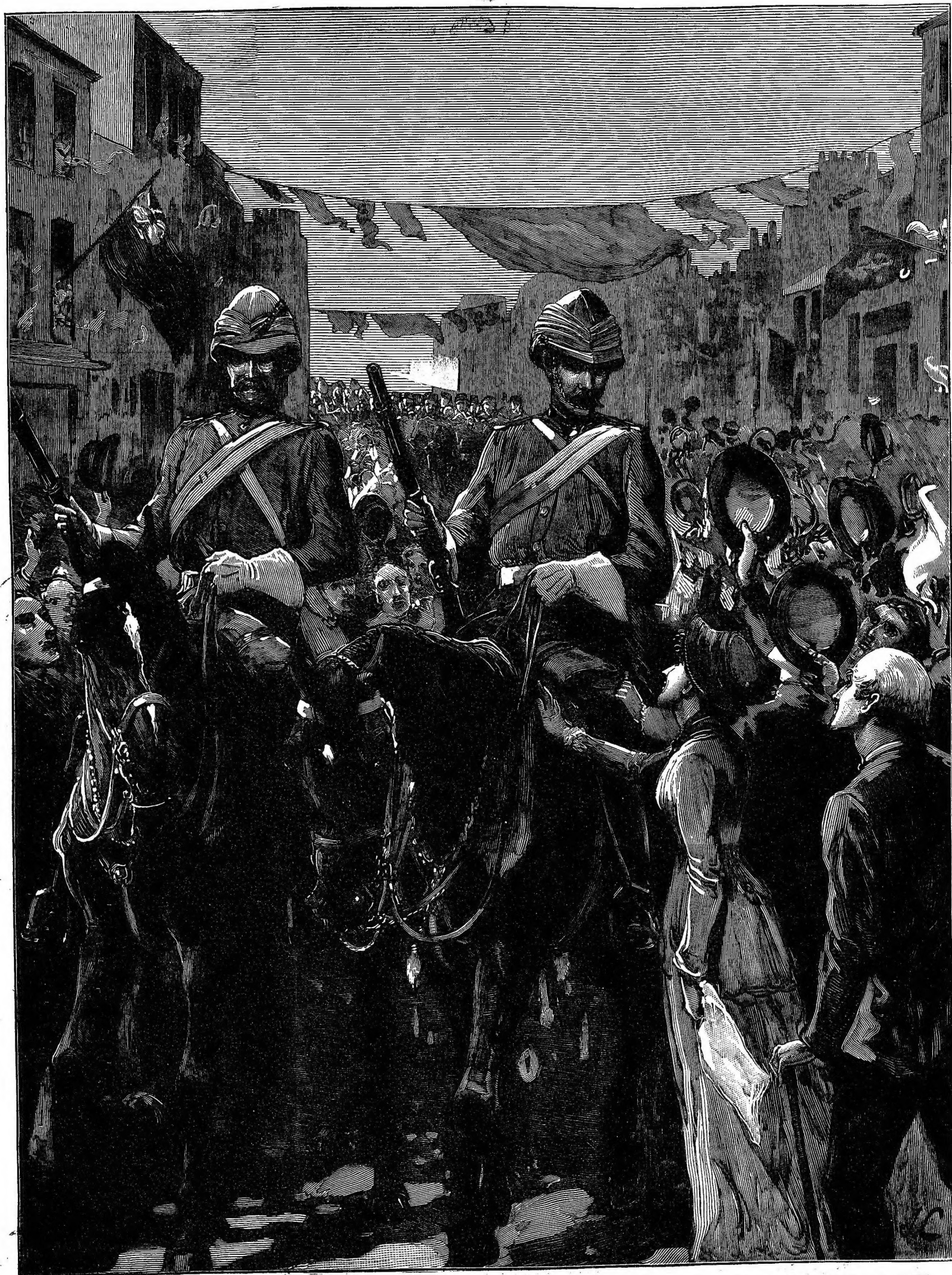
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882

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THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) ON THEIR WAY TO THE ALBANY STREET BARRACKS

Topics of the Week

THE AUTUMN SESSION.—Mr. Gladstone had unexpected good fortune at the re-opening of Parliament. There was not much chance of serious delay arising from Lord Randolph Churchill's motion; but it was thought that the proposal to secure precedence for the consideration of the new Rules of Procedure would give occasion to a prolonged and animated debate. The daily papers had been foretelling for some time that in the course of this discussion the Government would have to listen to a series of severe lectures on the state of Ireland, on the Egyptian Question, and on their shortcomings generally. In reality the proposal was quietly accepted; and on Wednesday the House of Commons was able to begin the task for the accomplishment of which it was specially summoned. Whatever be the explanation of the acquiescent mood which led to this result, it gave much satisfaction to the country; and there is now a general hope that, after all, the Autumn Session may come to an end much sooner than was originally anticipated. This hope may, however, be too sanguine. It is hardly conceivable that the Irish party has become suddenly persuaded of the golden virtues of silence, and we may be sure that Lord Randolph Churchill (whom everybody was glad to see in his place again) will make opportunities of irritating the Liberal chiefs, even if his exploits should have the not uncommon effect of perplexing his own official leaders. Besides, it is probable that when the new Rules come to be closely examined they will be found to raise some more difficult questions than those that have hitherto been grappled with; and in any case their influence on the action of Parliament will be so profound and far-reaching that the House would be doing injustice to itself and to the nation if it did not sift them thoroughly. The Conservatives are determined to fight to the last against the principle of closure by a bare majority; and probably there would not be much regret among Mr. Gladstone's followers if he gave way to the Opposition in this matter, on condition that the remaining Rules were fairly and temperately dealt with. Still, the Conservatives have not succeeded in exciting general enthusiasm for their proposal of a two-thirds' majority. Most people seem rather to agree with Mr. Bright that closure even by a bare majority—subject, as it will be, to the initiative of the Speaker—would have very little practical effect except on occasions when a band of Obstructives were talking for the obvious purpose of wasting time.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—The immense extent of London is apt to make its inhabitants ignorant of, and uninterested in, their own local affairs. At first, on account of its novelty, the School Board attracted a good deal of attention, but by the time the last election took place the novelty had worn off, and the contests were regarded by the large majority of Londoners with much the same languid curiosity as is excited by an election of parochial vestrymen. Perhaps it was a consciousness that the public eye was no longer fixed upon them which caused the members of the School Board now expiring to imitate the evil example of a more august assemblage at Westminster, by spending an undue portion of time in squabbling and in barren talk; though there are ill-natured persons who attribute these weaknesses to the presence at the Board of members belonging to the gentler and fairer moiety of the human race. However this may be, electors will be wise, if only for the sake of their pockets, to choose for the new Board as efficient a set of members as possible, and an influential committee has been formed to aid them in the attainment of this object. This committee is, in fact, a sort of informal caucus, but where there is, as in London, a vast electorate, and where the electors are, for the most part, as regards each other isolated units, some more or less responsible body to educate the electors concerning the candidates appears to be inevitable. At the meeting Mr. Forster did not attempt either to expose or excuse the alleged shortcomings of the moribund Board. He did not trouble himself, indeed, about the moribund Board at all. He took a broader and higher view of the question. He reviewed the educational position generally since the establishment of the School Board régime in 1870, and showed that London lagged behind the provinces, inasmuch as there was a larger percentage of children in the metropolis who escaped school altogether than in the large country towns. To get these children to school will need special machinery, and will cost money. So will the proposed higher-grade schools. The main question for the electors to consider is whether they are prepared to sanction this additional outlay. Judging from previous experience it would seem that they are in favour of liberal disbursements, provided they can feel confidence in the persons who will be entrusted to spend the money. There is a general feeling growing up that though we cannot (without violence and injustice) modify the enormous inequalities caused by the possession or absence of wealth, we can, to some extent, give children a tolerably equal start in life by bestowing on them a good education. But a good education means money, a fact of which parents of the upper middle classes are fully aware, and therefore if the ratepayers are resolved, on the one hand that all the wastrels shall go to school, and on the other hand that there shall be Board Schools

affording the same grade of teaching as is now enjoyed only by gentlefolks' sons and daughters, they must make up their minds to pay pretty smartly for such advantages.

CULTURE IN TURKEY.—Another hideous instance of the brutal tyranny of the Porte has been dragged to light. What Turkey needs is culture, and culture the Porte is determined to repress. The latest martyr is Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, who has just been dismissed from the Governorship of Broussa, in Bithynia, for his devotion to the cause of culture. Ahmed Vefyk was at one time Turkish Ambassador in France, and there he conceived a passionate love of the greatest literary genius of that country—of the immortal Molière. He has translated into Turkish *Georges Dandin*, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, and *Le Mariage Forcé*—he has translated, or rather, he has adapted them. The action of *Georges Dandin* is, of course, impossible in a Turkish family, so Ahmed Vefyk has cleverly transferred it to a Greek house in the "Fanar," the aristocratic Greek quarter. At first the women's parts were taken by young men, as on the early English stage, but Ahmed Vefyk has lately enjoyed the services of an Armenian actress. His next step has been, as in France, to subsidise *La Maison de Molière*. To raise the money, he imitated Le Prince de Conti, Molière's old school-fellow, who extracted funds for Molière's troop out of the estates of Languedoc. In the same generous public spirit Ahmed Vefyk "instituted a special tax, a sort of *octroi*," for the benefit of the Armenian actress, and, we presume, of the company in general. For this—Posterity, you will refuse to credit it—he has been dismissed from the Governorship of Broussa. There are other charges against the Pasha, but this one alone, if true, may well make us excuse his other offences. Ahmed's translations were published at Constantinople on the 11th Chaban, 1286 (10th November, 1869).

MR. GLADSTONE AND EGYPT.—Mr. Gladstone was not able to promise on Tuesday that the general curiosity as to his plans in Egypt would be speedily satisfied; and sensible men will agree that he is right in declining to make premature disclosures. The problem he has to solve is one of extraordinary complexity, and there has hardly been time as yet even to take note of all the conditions that must be kept steadily in view. Fortunately, as Mr. Gladstone said, England is not now "fettered in the extreme degree and manner in which she was fettered six months ago by the engagements which she found existing, and by the relations in which the various parties stood." France has at last recognised that the work which has to be done must be accomplished chiefly, and for some time exclusively, by England; and the German Powers, which Russia and Italy are bound to follow, have never shown any disposition to interfere with us. So far, therefore, circumstances are favourable; but there are enormous difficulties arising from the condition of Egypt itself, and the English Government are all the more likely to be successful in the end if they are in no particular hurry at this early stage. Some Conservatives express a suspicion that Mr. Gladstone will be too ready to give up the advantages which have been secured by the war; and, no doubt, this suspicion is natural enough when we remember his wild talk in his days of "greater freedom and less responsibility." But Mr. Gladstone has shown that in office he does not consider himself hampered by loose statements made in Opposition. In the management of his Egyptian policy he has acted throughout on the old-fashioned principle that the first duty of an English Government is to look after English interests, and he has said nothing lately to indicate that he intends to abandon this doctrine. That he will grant to the Egyptians as much self-government as can be safely conceded to them may be true; and this is unquestionably the only course that would command the approval of the majority of Englishmen. But it is possible to be generous to Egypt and yet to maintain the rights which justified our intervention; and it must be assumed, until there is evidence of a contrary tendency, that Mr. Gladstone is fully alive to the importance of both of these great ends.

ROYALISTS AND REVOLUTIONISTS IN FRANCE.—It is difficult to believe that a man so steeped in reactionary and mediæval ideas as the Comte de Chambord can ever become King of France; yet if anything were likely to bring such a shadowy possibility within a measurable distance of realisation it would be the existence of such out-and-out revolutionists as those who came to the surface during the recent upheaval at Montceau-les-Mines. It is true no doubt that these desperadoes form but a small group, and that their ideas are not the ideas of even such advanced Radicals as M. Clémenceau. But in the conduct of revolutions experience shows that the most Jacobinical Jacobin is apt to win, or if not to win, at least to exercise an influence far beyond his own numerical following. Our own politics unluckily teach us this lesson. The Irish dynamite faction is in a minority on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet it maintains agitation and terror in a manner which is by no means unacceptable to more moderate yet not over-scrupulous patriots. Another point deserves notice. The landowner and the aristocrat are not the objects of Radical denunciation in France as in the United Kingdom. The reason is that in the English sense they scarcely exist in France; they were swept away in the great cataclysm of 1789–94. Hence the French Irreconcilable is at once more comprehensive and more logical. Instead of fulminating, like Mr.

Davitt, against "landlordism," he belongs to an international association "for the destruction of property." Whose property? we should like to know. Because, unless our friend the French Irreconcilable resolves rigidly to abstain from destroying property below a certain rate of income, he will frighten his countrymen the peasantry, who are rather tenacious of property rights. If the French peasant once gets to believe that the present neutral-tinted Republic is likely to be supplemented by a Red Republic with queer ideas about the redistribution of property, there will be some danger of his going over bag and baggage (with most of the women and of course all the priests) to the cause of Henri Cinqu.

MR. TREVELYAN AT SELKIRK.—Mr. Trevelyan is a Member of Parliament highly (and deservedly) honoured in his own constituency. At Selkirk, a very ancient burgh, Mr. Trevelyan has recently been made a "burgess," or citizen. So popular is he, that a local and very energetic poet has addressed him as "Geordie" in an ode composed in the Scotch language. In Mr. Gladstone's palmiest days we do not know that his constituents ever celebrated him, in sweet poetry, as "Billy." The burgh which Mr. Trevelyan represents was at one time chiefly busied in the trade of the "souter," or shoemaker. The emblem of that craft is a "birse," something like a shaving brush, according to Sir Walter Scott. By a relic of barbaric manners, every new "souter" is compelled to "lick the birse," that is, to put the shaving brush, charged with wine, between his lips, after all the senior souters have treated it in a similar way. Some embarrassment was caused when King Leopold (who had strayed into the district) was made a "souter," at the beginning of the present century. No doubt some fiction has now taken the place of the old and repulsive rite, but Selkirk gives away its citizenship as charily as Sparta, in ancient times, and but few outsiders have ever been privileged, like Mr. Trevelyan, even to see a "birse," much less to lick it.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE NEW LANDTAG.—Prince Bismarck has not come off so badly in the Prussian elections as many of his Liberal opponents expected. The country has not, indeed, chosen a Conservative majority; the Chancellor will still be able to carry his measures only by forming an alliance between the Conservatives and the Catholics. But it is something to have prevented the Liberals from gaining the upper hand. They were so successful when the present Imperial Parliament was elected that they naturally looked for a still more brilliant victory in the contest which has just taken place. Whether it be, however, that the Prussians are losing faith in Liberal principles, or that they do not wish to irritate their great man, or that they are simply indifferent, they have not seen fit to alter essentially the old relations of political parties. The consequences would be very serious if the Catholics were prepared to unite with the Conservatives against Liberal movements; but it is not at all clear that the Catholics have any such intention. They have not for some time had much reason to complain of the spirit in which the Falk Laws are administered. Prince Bismarck has been in a conciliatory mood, and has used wisely the discretionary powers which were granted to him, at his own request, by the last Parliament. But the Falk Laws have not been repealed, and at any moment Prince Bismarck might enforce them with as much rigour as he pleased. The Catholics regard this state of things as thoroughly unsatisfactory, and insist that the formal and complete abandonment of the Kulturkampf is the only condition on which they will act with the Conservatives in support of the Chancellor's domestic policy. There is little chance of this condition being complied with. The climate of Canossa does not suit Prince Bismarck, and it is almost certain that he will drop some of his schemes rather than yield to the Papacy. The prospect is not very pleasant for the Prussians, who must be content to see their Parliament indulging in a vast amount of discussion without the least hope of conducting it to practical issues.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Professor Thorold Rogers, in a letter to *The Times* on the subject of silos and ensilage (a discovery to which, by the way, we called attention in these columns some months ago), brings out with unusual clearness the original barrenness of the territory which forms most of the older States of the Union. This barrenness was a blessing in the disguise of a curse. All the latent energies of the settlers (especially in New England) were called forth by the persevering efforts they made to grow crops on a soil where (*teste* Mr. Rogers) a hungry shingle alternates with huge boulders. Hence, within fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, while the Spaniards, on a far more fertile soil, had only established a military camp in the New World, the English had founded permanent homes. Hence, too, when impecunious Charles II. in lieu of cash paid a Crown debt to William Penn by means of a patent to acquire land in America, Penn cheerfully accepted the composition, perceiving that the flourishing colonies of New England might be duplicated further south. So last Wednesday two hundred years ago he landed on the shores of the Delaware River, bought "real estate" from the "dark Americans" (as Wesley in one of his hymns calls the Red Indians), and founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love. If Penn could have been present at the bicentenary celebration,

several things would have surprised him. First and foremost, the growth of Philadelphia, of the State of which it is the largest city, and of Anglo-Saxondom generally in the New World. Then he would note how the colonists had gradually advanced inland from the barren coast region, and had found regions of such exceptional fertility that, if the early colonists had discovered them, the typical Yankee would have been somewhat of a lotos-eater. But Penn's peaceful Quaker spirit would scarcely have approved of the military accompaniments of Wednesday's *tumasha*; the roar of artillery, the flashing of bayonets, the clang of muskets. He would, however, be relieved to find that this fondness for military spectacle in America is due to the absence of various elements of picturesqueness which abound in the Old World; and that, though the Americans can fight, and fight well, they are glad, except on holiday occasions, to doff the soldier's dress. In one point the modern American may do far more honour to Penn's memory than by careful reproductions of the scene of his landing in 1682; they may imitate his treatment of the Red men. In the interior Territories, where the Indians are still numerous, there is great need of the exercise of the honesty and humanity which Penn showed in his dealings with the savage occupiers of the soil.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.—The French Government have been much irritated by recent disclosures as to their policy in Tunis. Of the substantial accuracy of these disclosures, however, there can be no doubt; and the most patriotic Frenchman must admit that they contrast rather oddly with the view which has been taken in France regarding our policy in Egypt. French journalists have been lifting up their hands in pious horror at our immorality. To think that England, whatever might be her interests, should dream of asserting supremacy, direct or indirect, over so admirable a people as the Egyptians! This was too much for our French censors, who, however, could not profess to be surprised by it, since England, of course, had always been egoistic and perfidious. She was not like generous France, which had so often obeyed the impulses of disinterested enthusiasm, and waged wars for ideas. In reality France has never been more willing than her neighbours to fight for ideas, and, when she has professed to do so, has taken good care to pay herself well for her sacrifices. In the present instance, at the very time when her most popular writers were denouncing us for our treachery, and the rest of it, she herself was making steady preparations for far more high-handed proceedings in Tunis than any we have thought of in the neighbouring country. Tunis will henceforth be a French dependency, while Egypt will at any rate be free in so far as her interests are incapable of conflicting with ours. Fortunately for France, her new treaty will be judged altogether apart from the question whether she has been fair or consistent in her manner of dealing with England. The Tunisians will probably have no reason to regret their virtual annexation to the Republic, and if M. Duclerc can pacify Italy he need have no fear of opposition from any other nation. England is well pleased to be delivered on what are for her such easy terms from French interference in a country that is of infinitely more importance to her than Tunis.

PAWNBROKERS AND THIEVES.—In adjudicating on a recent case, Mr. Paget, the police magistrate, said that "the facilities afforded by pawnbrokers for the disposal of stolen property was becoming a monstrous evil, and he wished the attention of the Public Prosecutor called to it, so that power might be given to magistrates to punish or fine them." In this instance two pawnbrokers respectively advanced money on a silver salver and a dozen ivory dessert-knives, which were afterwards shown to be stolen property. Mr. Paget's proposal certainly deserves attention; but we think that something of a more far-reaching character is needed. A Bill which unfortunately failed to become law last Session but which provided that on certain descriptions of valuable property pawnbrokers should not advance money under twenty-four hours' notice, might have prevented the thieves in such a case as the above from getting rid of the booty so easily. As we pointed out at the time, persons in urgent need of aid from their "uncle" would suffer no serious inconvenience from delay, for really destitute people have no silver salvers or ivory-handled dessert-knives to pledge. But why not go further than this? On the Continent pawnbroking is a Government monopoly, and is so managed as to be a source of great benefit to meritorious poor persons who are in temporary difficulty, and who would otherwise get into the clutches of the professional money-lender. Here, the majority of the pawnbrokers' customers are the thriftless and the drunken. The machinery of the Post Office is capable of indefinite extension; and hitherto it has managed its multifarious businesses with great success. Why should not Mr. Fawcett try his hand at the establishment of an English Mont de Piété?

QUESTIONS FOR THOUGHT-READERS.—The Society for Psychical Research has got so far as to believe, or some of its more distinguished members believe, that "thought-reading" is not impossible. That is to say, if one person secretly in his own mind thinks, let us put it, of a card in a pack, another gifted person may read his thought and tell him, so often that chance coincidence is out of the question, what card he had in his mind. If this can be verified, some

very curious questions remain to be settled. If the thinker thinks in Arabic, can his thoughts be read by a person ignorant of that language? This can easily be decided, even if there be no Arabic scholar in the society, if some learned member will do his thinking in Greek. There is no ancient Greek, no "Eathen Greek," as a famous scholar used to say, for ace of diamonds, but the language of the modern Greeks must certainly contain a term for that important card. Ethical questions also arise. May a person who has the gift of thought-reading morally and honourably play at baccarat? In that game, if you are the banker you want to know what cards you have dealt to the players. If you are a player you are anxious to know what the banker has in his hand, and, of course, in his mind. An accomplished thought-reader would know at once. If the banker held four, while he (the thought-reader) held five, the thought-reader, of course, would not ask for another card, which, according to players of the Bordeaux school, he ought to do. Thus new questions in psychical morality are already raised, even by the earliest discoveries of the Society. Much more, then, will our ethics be altered when we know all about the spiritual inmates of haunted houses, and the erratic but doubtless respectable dwellers in the legs of chairs and tables.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS—one being a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, printed in colours, the other containing FOUR EXTRA PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



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HOME-COMING OF THE TROOPS

ALTHOUGH the *Lydian Monarch*, like most of her sister ships of the Monarch Line, is built with a bilge keel to prevent rolling, all the passengers, whether two-legged or four-legged, were heartily glad on the night of Thursday, the 20th inst., to find themselves in the placid although muddy waters of the South West India Dock. The vessel in question brought home the Duke of Teck and some three hundred officers and men of the Second Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards Blue.

LANDING HORSES

THANKS to the peculiar construction of the *Lydian Monarch*, the landing of the horses, usually such a difficult operation, was simple enough. The animals, after leaving their stalls, had merely to walk through the "brow," and then a few yards across the quay, to find themselves in the roomy and well-strawed stables described in the next paragraph. Some of them rolled about in the straw with great delight.

HORSES IN THE DOCK SHEDS

AFTER the chargers and troop-horses had been debarked they were stabled in a long goods shed, expressly prepared, littered, and lighted. Here they enjoyed for the first time for many weeks the perfect repose of stillness and ample room. Some remained standing; others took to their straw beds very readily. They all looked lantern-ribbed and rough-coated, though they are said to have gained flesh since they embarked. The losses among the chargers during the recent campaign is smaller than was expected. Most of the fatalities were due, not to climate, but to exhaustion from over-riding, to irregular feeding, or to injuries received in battle.

Next morning (Friday) the call to stables sounded at 6.30, and after the horses had been attended to and breakfast taken, the Life Guards began to lead their horses into the cattle trucks attached to the special train in which they were to be conveyed to Windsor. The men of both squadrons had made themselves look as smart as they could in their service uniforms of serge, but in the matter of colour the Blues had far the best of it, as the Life Guards' scarlet jackets were very faded. The Blues were dressed exactly as during the campaign, except that they wore black Hessians instead of brown boots and gaiters.

Presently a bugle call put a stop to the gossip which was being carried on between the soldiers on the one side and their friends and casual sightseers on the other. The Blues mounted, rode out of the shed, and formed up on the quay. Shortly before 9.30 the squadron began

THE MARCH TO THE ALBANY STREET BARRACKS

THROUGHOUT the route—a distance of nearly eight miles—they moved through streets thronged with people, whose cheers and shouts of welcome and offered hands bespoke even more pleasingly than the brightly-coloured decorations prepared in honour of their return the heartiness of their welcome. The route lay through Whitechapel, Great Eastern Street, Old Street, the City Road, Pentonville Road, and Euston Road, and all along the way, as the procession passed, men and women, boys and girls, appeared at the windows, or poured out from the by-streets and back lanes to swell the crowds already gathered in the highway. Albany Street, as was natural, was the gayest and most continuously decorated portion of the route, strings of flags and pennons being carried across from house to house every few yards, and many of the householders having draped their balconies with red, and put up such inscriptions as "*Gloria tibi, Domine*," "*Welcome Home*," and "*We thought you would, and you have, brave Blues!*" Within the barracks a distinguished company was assembled, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, was present, having only arrived from Paris that morning, and was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses. Besides Colonel Frederick Burnaby, commanding, and the other officers of the regiment, there were gathered to do honour to the occasion many who formerly held commissions in the regiment, and others connected by family ties with the present officers. The approach to the barracks was kept by a guard of honour of the North Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.

After arriving the troops formed line and halted, then followed the Royal Salute and a march past, then the men sheathed swords and, dismounting, led their horses to the stalls, where they were taken charge of by some of their comrades. After this, the troopers were marched into the riding-house, where the Prince of Wales addressed a few congratulatory and commendatory remarks to them. Finally came a good dinner for the men, while the Royal party went to luncheon in the officers' quarters.

SCENES IN THE STREETS

DURING the eight miles' march of the Blues there were many noteworthy scenes and incidents. Those which are depicted by our artist explain themselves. Whenever opportunity permitted it men and women pressed upon the horses, and heartily shook hands with their riders. Although not given, like their British fellow-citizens, to cheering, the swarthy-faced Asiatics and Africans who occupied the steps of the Strangers' Home were evidently keenly interested in the conquering warriors. The band of the Boys' Refuge, in Commercial Street, greeted the soldiers as they approached, and upon the steps of Spitalfields Church rows upon rows of children were stationed. In Shoreditch the high walls of the Great Eastern Railway Goods Station were manned by spectators. Till Albany Street was reached the line of march was densely crowded. In several localities the authorities had taken the wise precaution of strewing sand or gravel.

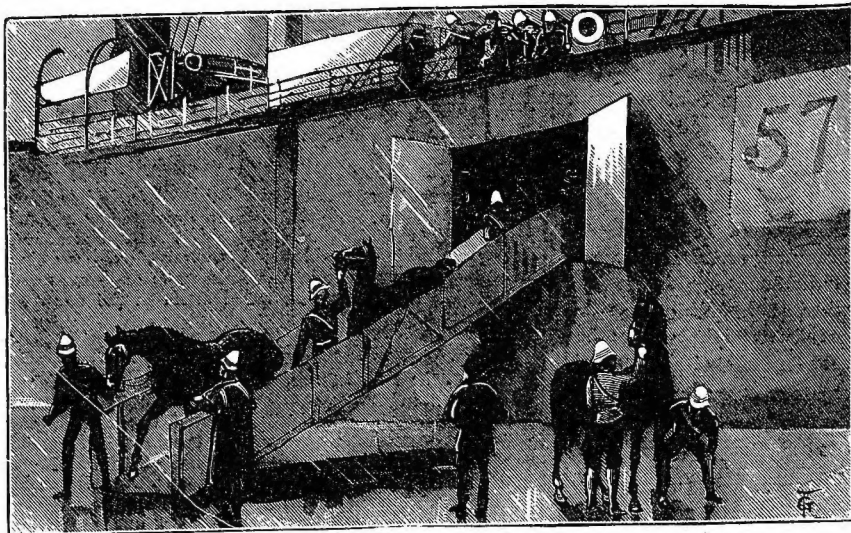
Soon after the departure of the Blues the Second Life Guards formed in line, and marched to the special trains at the wharf-end, the first train leaving for Windsor about 10.30 A.M.

THE RECEPTION OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS AT WINDSOR

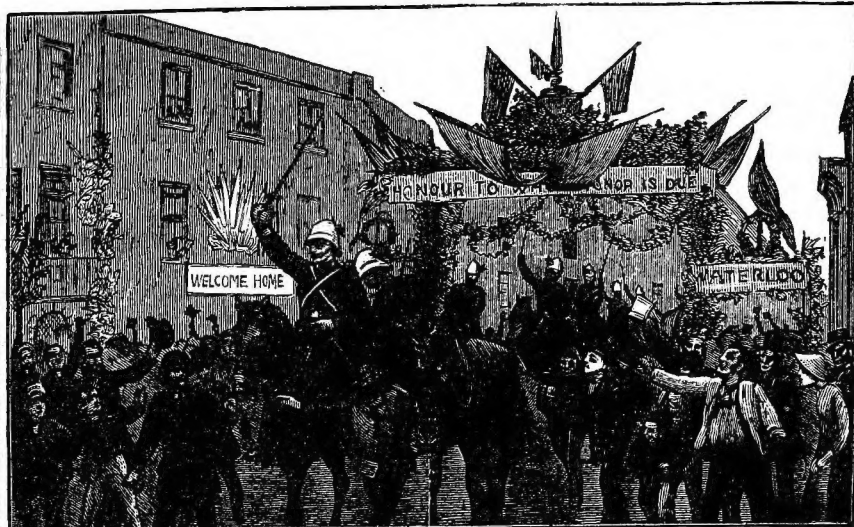
PROVED a most imposing spectacle, their progress from Slough to the Royal borough being simply a prolonged ovation, which only terminated when the troops were safely within their quarters, and free from the populace who thronged the route, the greater part of which was gaily adorned with banners, festoons, garlands, and triumphal arches. The trains were speedily unladen amid the cheers of the spectators outside and the firing of guns. Shortly after 1 P.M. the corps, preceded by the band, marched from the station-yard to the tune of "There's no place like home." The troopers wore their white helmets (now decorated with sprigs of laurel), veils, red serge tunics, pantaloons, and boots, and were armed with swords, carbines, and revolvers.

THE CORPORATION ADDRESS

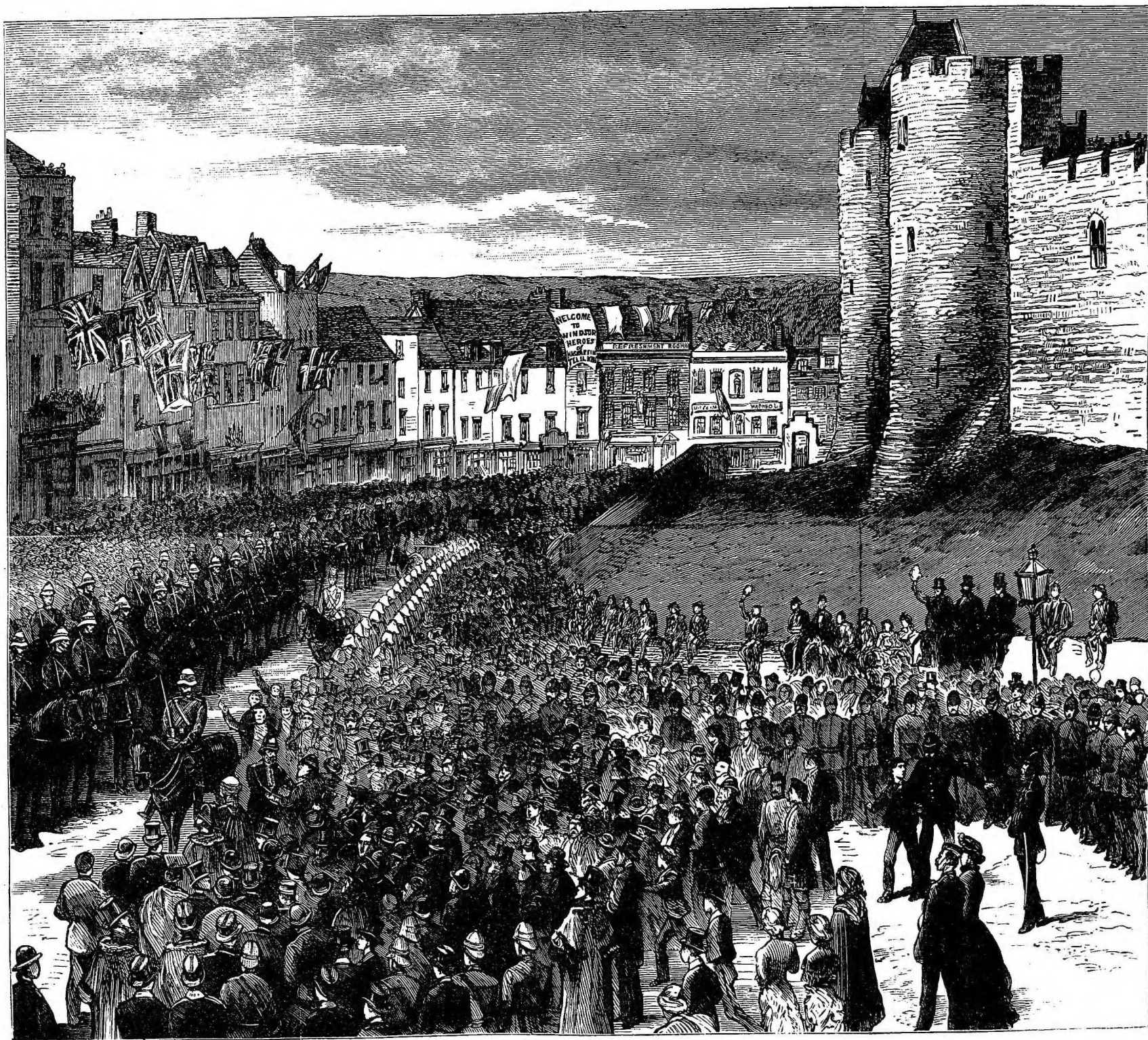
AFTER an address of welcome had been presented at the Market Cross by the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, the detachment resumed its march, proceeding, amid merry peals of bells, down Peasod Street, which was gaily decorated, and thence under the



THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS—DRY (?) LAND AT LAST: LANDING HORSES AT THE DOCKS

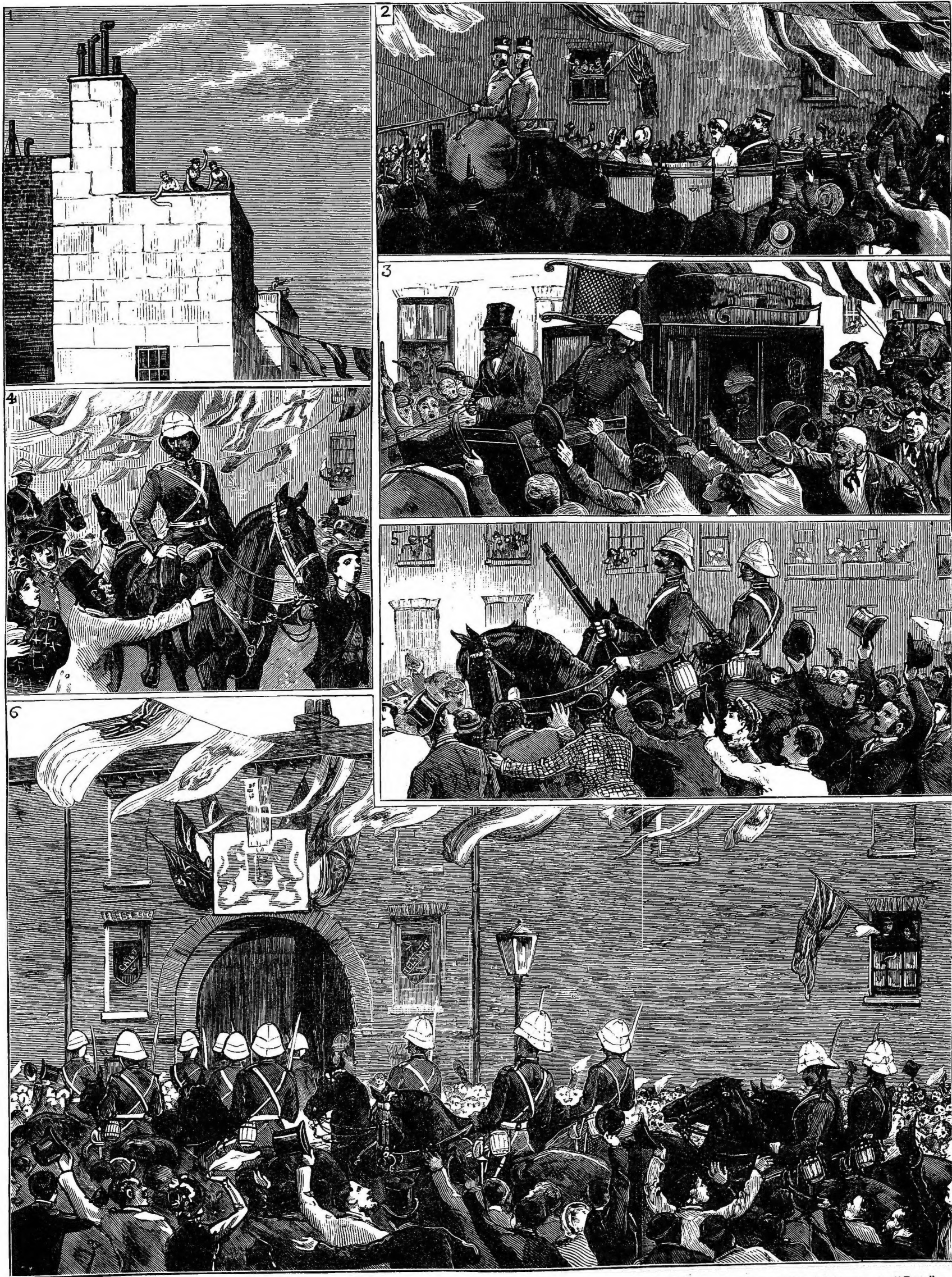


THE RECEPTION OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS AT WINDSOR—PASSING UNDER A TRIUMPHAL ARCH



THE RECEPTION OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS AT WINDSOR—THE MAYOR PRESENTING AN ADDRESS TO COLONEL EWART ON CASTLE HILL

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



1. Mary on the House Tops.—2. The North Middlesex Rifles Receiving the Prince of Wales at the Barracks.—3. "Avant Couriers" with the Officers' Luggage.—4. "Beer,"—5. The Advanced Guard.—6. Entering the Barrack Gates.

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—SCENES IN THE STREETS DURING THE MARCH OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) FROM THE DOCKS TO THE ALBANY STREET BARRACKS

triumphal arches erected in the Spital Road, where the troopers were received by a guard of honour of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, whose band welcomed them with the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" as they entered the square. The non-commissioned officers and men afterwards partook (at the expense of the officers of the regiment) of a most substantial dinner in the recreation room.

THE "ASSYRIAN MONARCH" COMING UP THE RIVER

THE second detachment of the Household Cavalry, a squadron of the First Life Guards, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot, arrived from Egypt in the *Assyrian Monarch* on the 21st October. A hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and men of this squadron left London on August 1st. Of these nine were killed in action, ten wounded, sixteen invalided from sickness, and 115 came back in the *Assyrian Monarch*. The proportion of horses lost averaged a similar figure. Instead of being hoisted in boxes, the great height of the transport between decks enabled the horses to walk ashore by means of "brows," which are simply a large variety of the steam-packet pier passenger-gangways. Both the men and horses of this squadron were in better condition than the Blues. Both were thin, but the men were muscular and full of life, and the horses were not mere bags of bones.

Soon after noon on Sunday the order to march was given, and, preceded by three bands, the troops started for Knightsbridge. The men wore their white helmets, loose tunics of red serge, blue trousers, gaiters of the same material swathed round the leg from knee to ankle, and highlow boots—the uniform they had worn throughout the war—and carried water-bottles and canvas haversacks. The enthusiasm displayed both in the East and in the West was surprising. At the East End, in spite of a pelting downpour of rain, men, women, and bareheaded girls filled the street, huzzaing, and shouting their welcome, every window was opened and handkerchiefs waved, boys ran along by the troopers' sides, men tried to shake hands with them, women patted their horses as they passed. As Aldgate was reached the sun shone out brightly, and the rest of the way was travelled in holiday weather. Our double-page engraving represents the squadron

PASSING HYDE PARK CORNER

FROM St. George's Place to the Knightsbridge Barracks the street was gay with flags, and the crowd densely thick. At the barracks were many illustrious personages, and the Prince of Wales, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment. We need not detail the subsequent proceedings, which were much the same as those at Albany Street.

THE WOUNDED AT HASLAR HOSPITAL

"My sketches," writes the artist, "illustrate the life and treatment of the wounded at Haslar Hospital, Gosport. On arrival every man is surveyed by the principal medical officers as to his fitness or otherwise to return to duty. All doubtful cases are, however, taken into hospital. Whilst the convalescent patients are being attended to, the senior surgeon sees that all the more serious cases are taken up to the wards, their wounds looked to, and food, if necessary, prepared for them. After being seen by the surveying officers each man is examined by a surgeon, who diagnoses his case, diets him, details him to a ward, and enters his name on the books of the hospital. If well enough the patients have a bath before proceeding to their wards, and the majority appear to be only too glad to get rid of the Egyptian sand they have brought home with them. There are now over fifty wounded men in hospital, as well as many cases of fever and dysentery, in addition to a few cases of ophthalmia. Many of the men have had narrow escapes. One man, who was in the act of firing whilst lying behind a mound of earth, was struck at the root of the neck over the end of his left collar-bone. The bullet then passed under the sternomastoid muscles and under the right collar-bone, which it splintered. It was taken out by the surgeon half-way down his arm. Another man was hit in the roof of his mouth, the bullet coming out at the back of his neck. Sunday, the old brick hospital was early besieged by visitors, and pleasant have been the greetings between husbands and wives, and mothers and sons. The bullets and cannon-balls which did the damage are shown to admiring friends, but the limbs that were taken off by them are far away from the original owners, on the desert sands of Egypt. Many kind friends have forwarded papers, &c., for the poor fellows, and one kind lady, Mrs. Roberts, of Southsea, has sent two casks of grapes and twenty pounds of tobacco, which were yesterday distributed to the wounded by Fleet Surgeon Reid and Surgeon Collins. Some of the old pensioners who live there as perpetual patients take great interest in the invalids, and I have no doubt comparisons are drawn between the good old times and the present degenerate days, when a general finishes a campaign in a month that would formerly have lasted a year."

EXAMINING KITS AT PORTSMOUTH

THE Royal Artillery in this engraving have just landed from the *City of Lincoln*, and their gun carriages are being placed on the railway trucks, three carriages being allotted to each truck. Nearly all the carriages were disabled at Tel-el-Kebir. Meanwhile, the watchful Custom House officers are going round and examining the kits, to see if any warrior has an undue supply of duty-free tobacco. "Is that all you've got?" asks the official here depicted.

TEASING "ARABI SMASHER"

THE Royal Artillery distinguished themselves at Tel-el-Kebir, and, having no shelter trenches, were exposed to heavy fire. Here we see them, after their return to Portsmouth, preparing to start for their march inland. The soldiers are amusing themselves with teasing a puppy which was found at the barracks vacated by Arabi Pasha, and which was christened by the soldiers "Arabi Smasher." This puppy—rather a savage beast—followed the regiment all the way across the desert.

ARRIVAL OF MARINES AT CHATHAM

THE transport *City of Paris*, having landed a detachment of Royal Marines at Plymouth, proceeded to Portsmouth, where another division was set on shore. At both these ports immense enthusiasm prevailed. Our business here, however, lies with the third detachment, that belonging to Chatham, under Colonel Howard S. Jones, consisting of upwards of 700 officers and men. This detachment did not leave the dockyard, having an ovation on their own account in store for them at Chatham, for which port they left in H.M. troopship *Assistance*.

They arrived in Chatham on Tuesday, amid great public rejoicings, landed at the Dockyard, and reached the Barracks about 12.30, passing through a crowd of several thousands of cheering spectators. The Barrack square was decorated, and there was a pretty triumphal arch over the gateway. When the men reached the Barracks they were inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who afterwards addressed them in hearty terms of congratulation. H.R.H. was accompanied by his son, Prince Alfred. The weather was, unfortunately, very rough and stormy.

BANQUET TO THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS

THE non-coms. and men of the First Regiment of Life Guards were entertained by their officers in the Riding School at Knightsbridge, on the evening of the 23rd inst. The School was brilliantly

decorated by Captain Robertson, who arranged the ornamental ride at the Agricultural Hall. Corporal-Major Langridge was in the chair. Nearly 400 sat down, including all the men from Egypt, except a few invalids, still too ill to leave hospital. These sent during the evening to Dr. Hamilton, asking that, as they could not be present, they might have something off the table. The staff of waiters consisted exclusively of old non-coms. of the regiment, many having come long distances, one from Yorkshire, to wait on their old comrades. When the tables were cleared, the officers came in, when the usual toasts were proposed, followed by the special toast of the evening, "The Service Squadron."

Colonel Duncombe, in proposing this toast, said that the First Life Guards had vindicated the reputation of the heavy cavalry, and had negatived the theory that because a man was long he had no stomach for fighting, and that because a horse was black he was useless in war.

Colonel Talbot responded in an eloquent speech, and depicted the arduous labours of the troops and their uncomplaining spirit. The Household Cavalry, he said, did not grumble, but the living, and alas! the dead, had done their duty alike. The dead had died as soldiers should, their face to the enemy; and what more glorious end could a soldier desire? The high state of efficiency of the regiment, he said, was due to Colonel Keith Fraser, an officer to whom they were indebted for the proud privilege of being the advanced guard of the Army of England, and to whom it was a bitter regret and a lasting sorrow to be left behind on the eve of battle. Colonel Fraser, in his reply, referred to his great disappointment in not being permitted to go to Egypt after thirty years' service with the regiment, the confidence he always had in it, and the pride with which he found that they had silenced for ever the hostile critics.

At the conclusion of the speeches, amid immense enthusiasm, Colonel Talbot, who commanded in Egypt, was chaired and carried round on the shoulders of his men.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

GROUND.—A gently undulating plain of sand, with a hard crust, partly composed of pebbles. Slightly rising from Kassassin, its highest point is occupied by Battery No. 7. Towards Tel-el-Kebir Station it gradually sinks into the plain, forming a considerable hollow which was enclosed by the entrenchments. South of the Sweet-Water Canal is the Wady Tumilat, here one mile broad, traversed by the Irrigation Canal. This is about 250 yards from the Sweet-Water Canal, is ten yards wide, and dry in some places. The latter is twenty-five yards wide, ten feet deep in winter and about five in summer; the southern slopes are gentle, the northern steep. A soft roadway runs along each bank. The railway is wide enough for a double line, but only one is laid; and beyond Tel-el-Kebir it runs through a slight cutting. A field telegraph connected the centre of the defences with the main line. At Abassah Lock the new Canal cuts through the old one, with which it communicates by locks. Tel-el-Kebir is a small village, with mud houses, and containing a barracks to hold about 700 men and horses. The iron drawbridge has a span of forty feet, and rests on stone abutments.

DEFENCES.—The total length of the front line, facing east, is about three-and-a-half miles, but about the middle a second line, facing north, runs back at an angle to the first, from near No. 7 Battery, to a point on the hill just above Tel-el-Kebir station. In rear of the centre the front line was double, a branch of weak trace extending from the rear of No. 6 Battery to No. 13 in the second line; and between these was an isolated work, No. 11. These three, Nos. 11, 6, and 7, occupied the crest of the position, No. 7 being the highest.

DESCRIPTION AND ARMAMENT.—In order from the Canal the batteries are as follows. *Front line, facing East.*—No. 1, on the Canal, covering the dam there, 3 guns (6 embrasures), 22 feet thick. No. 2, covering the railway, 3 guns. No. 3, 1 gun. No. 4, 1 gun. No. 5, 4 guns, 9 feet thick, and unrevetted. No. 6, 4 guns, the two on the right *en cremailliere*, 8 feet thick, with traverses and paradors. No. 7, the highest, strongest, and most enclosed, 6 guns, 9 feet thick. No. 2 (6 embrasures), 4 guns, 12 feet thick, but unfinished. In front of the right, and overlooking Canal and Railway, was the advanced work, No. 10, with 8 embrasures, 24 feet thick, and covered by a thin infantry parapet, 20 yards outside, with ditch 3 feet deep. *Uniting First and Second Line.*—Nearly in rear of No. 5, an isolated work, No. 11, of loose sand, with 2 guns. The continuous parapet passed in rear of this, containing No. 15, in rear of the space between 6 and 11, of loose sand, 2 guns. No. 14, unfinished, 6 feet thick, 5 guns. *Second Line, facing North.*—From the right, No. 12, 4 guns. No. 13, 3 guns, 3 feet thick. No. 16, 2 guns, with traverses, 9 feet thick. No. 17, 2 guns in two emplacements, with three embrasures each, and a sallyport and traverse in rear; parapet 8 feet thick. No. 18 like No. 17. No. 19 similar, but with two embrasures in the left portion. No. 20 an unrevetted redoubt, without embrasure, 12 feet thick, and 50 yards long on the crest line. To the north of this last work were a series of traverses or epaulments, irregularly placed, to protect cavalry; and the principal camp lay between the railway station and the same redoubt.

ATTACK.—*First Line.*—Right, 2nd Brigade (Graham); Royal Marines, Royal Irish Fusiliers, York and Lancaster Regiment, and Royal Irish. At 1,200 yards on its left the 3rd Brigade (Alison), Highland Light Infantry, Cameron Highlanders, Gordon Highlanders, Royal Highlanders. *Second Line.*—Right, Cavalry Brigade (Drury-Lowe), Household Cavalry, 4th Dragoons, and two batteries Royal Horse Artillery: this moved off before the attack to turn the enemy's left. 1st Brigade (Connaught), 2nd Coldstream, 1st Scots, 2nd Grenadier Guards. Centre: Royal Artillery (Goodenough), 42 guns. Left: 4th Brigade (Ashburnham), King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; Naval Brigade, with six Gatlings and 40-pounder on Railway. Beyond the Canal Indian Brigade (Macpherson), Seaforth Highlanders, supported by 20th Punjab, 2nd Beloochees, and 7th Native Infantry, on its right the Mountain Battery; on its left the 6th Bengal Cavalry and 13th Bengal Lancers. *Reserve.*—The Royal Marine Artillery, 19th Hussars, Reserve Ammunition Column, and one company West Kent Regiment. In rear of all, on the Canal, the Royal Engineers, with pontoons.

CAIRO—THE KHÉDIVE SALUTING THE HOLY CARPET

THE Cairene festival of the Mahmal, or the annual procession of the Holy Carpets of Kisweh-el-Nebee and Kisweh-el-Toovbeh, destined respectively to cover the Kaaba at Mecca and Mahomet's Tomb at Medina, has been somewhat delayed this year owing to the war, and, for the first time in Mahomedan annals, the sacred camel, his Sheikh, and his attendant pilgrims have relinquished their march to Suez across the desert, and have travelled in the railway carriages of the Infidel to the port of embarkation. As usual, the departure of the procession from Cairo took place amid much ceremony—several detachments of British troops assembling to do honour to the occasion. Under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood the troops, on the morning of October 5th, formed a square in the Place Mehmet Ali, and the Khédive, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught, Sir E. Malet, and various other dignitaries took their places before the Kiosk—a royal salute of twenty-one guns being fired on the Khédive's arrival. The sacred camel then appeared, laden with his precious burden, and, followed by the attendant caravan, made the circuit of the square seven times. The

procession then advanced and halted before the Khédive, who saluted it by kissing the tassels of the cord of the canopy which hides the Carpet from profane eyes, after which, headed by the British and Indian troops, it slowly wended its way to the railway station. There the troops presented arms, and an artillery salute of twenty-one guns was fired, while the holy Carpet was carried inside the station, and forwarded to Suez by special train. This had been duly consecrated, and special invocations had been offered that no untoward event might hinder the due arrival of the Carpet at the Holy City at the appointed time.

A GUARDSMAN IN SUSPENSE

HERE we have a trooper of the First Life Guards, who has somehow strayed from his Company, in a not very pleasant quandary. Alone in the desert, he suddenly perceives on the horizon the forms of a band of horsemen approaching with an ease and rapidity which precludes any chance of escape. The great question in his mind is, Are they friends or foes? Are they members of that gallant corps of Bengal Lancers who have so well distinguished themselves during the campaign, or are they plundering Bedouins, who will make very short work of the isolated trooper?

CAIRO—GOING TO THE BARRACKS

THE two Life-Guardsmen in our sketch do not look so dignified, so martial, or so comfortable as when they are sitting upon their stately black chargers, and keeping guard at Whitehall. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, tired out with the sights of Cairo, and anxious to get to their barracks outside the town before gun-fire, they are now glad enough to bestride the more homely donkey, though manifestly conscious that they look more like holiday-makers at 'Appy 'Ampstead than the victors of Arabi Pasha.

FÊTE AT THE GHÉZIREH PALACE, CAIRO

ON the 2nd of October, the Khédive gave a dinner to Sir G. Wolseley, the Dukes of Connaught and Teck, all the Generals and their Staffs, Admiral Hoskins, and Sir E. Malet. They all wore uniforms and decorations, and Baker Pasha appeared in the uniform of a Turkish General. Afterwards a magnificent garden fete was largely attended by the officers of both services and civilians. The Ghézireh Gardens were brilliantly illuminated by the Brush electric light, which, however, was thrown into the shade by 2,000 rockets, while the bands played British and Arab music. The Royal party withdrew at midnight, when "God Save the Queen" was played. Our engraving represents the dahabeeyehs and steamboats illuminated on the Nile.

THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH "ELECTRICITY"

THIS little craft, which has been designed by Mr. A. Reckenzaun, C.E., and constructed at the works of the Electrical Power Company at Millwall, is, we believe, only the third vessel propelled by electricity which has ever been constructed. The trial trip was recently described in *The Times* by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, who was a passenger on the occasion. The boat, appropriately named the *Electricity*, is 25 feet in length and about 5 feet in the beam, drawing 1 foot 9 inches forward and 2 feet 6 inches aft, and is fitted with a 22-inch propeller screw. On board were stowed away under the flooring and seats, fore and aft, forty-five electric accumulators of the latest type as devised by Messrs. Sellon and Volckmar. Fully charged with electricity by wires leading from the dynamo or generators in the works, they were calculated to supply power for six hours at the rate of 4-horse power. These storage cells were placed in electrical connection with two Siemens dynamo of the size known as D 3, furnished with special reversing gear and regulators, to serve as engines to drive the screw-propeller. Either or both of these motors could be "switched" into circuit at will. In charge of the electric engines was Mr. Gustave Phillipart, jun., who has been associated with Mr. Volckmar in the fitting-up of the electric launch. Mr. Volckmar himself and an engineer completed, with Professor Thompson, the quartet who made the trial trip. After a few minutes' run down the river, and a trial of the powers of the boat to go forward, slacken, or go astern at will, her head was turned Citywards, and the boat sped silently along the southern shore, running about eight knots an hour against the tide. In about an hour London Bridge was reached, where the head of the launch was put about; and, slipping down the ebb, the wharf at Millwall was gained in twenty-four minutes, the mean speed of the vessel being nine miles an hour. For the benefit of electricians, Professor Thompson states that the total electromotive force of the accumulators was ninety-six volts, and that during the whole of the long run the current through each machine was steadily maintained at twenty-four amperes. Calculations show that this corresponds to an expenditure of electric energy at the rate of 3.111 horse power. The boat will carry twelve persons.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 453.

THE EAST AND WEST INDIA DOCK EXTENSION AT TILBURY

THE ever-increasing commerce of our great metropolis, and the great size of the present class of ocean-going steamers, are necessitating constant additions to the dock accommodation on the Thames, and our engraving shows a bird's-eye view of the new Docks in course of construction at Tilbury by the Directors of the East and West India Dock Company. The first turf was cut last July, and the object of the promoters of the undertaking is to accommodate the lines of large steamships engaged in the East India, China, Colonial, and Transatlantic traffic. The vessels will be thus able to avoid the sinuous and shallow reaches of the Thames above Gravesend, extra towage and pilotage will be dispensed with, and the risk of detention by fogs, &c., considerably lessened, while vessels of the deepest draught will be enabled to enter or leave independent of all tides. The dock will be constructed with a depth thirty-five feet below high-water mark, and with 15,000 lineal feet of quay berth, being approached by a tidal basin having a depth of water of forty-three feet. There will be ample railway communication with Fenchurch Street, and special facilities will be afforded for the live-cattle trade by landing jetties, wharves, lairage, and abattoirs. There will be four Dry Docks and a powerful floating derrick, and shears of a lifting capacity of 100 tons will be erected. The projectors of the work are Mr. A. Manning and Mr. Ahlfeldt, the engineer and traffic manager of the company, and the contract has been undertaken by Messrs. Kirk and Randall, of Woolwich, who are bound to complete the work in two and-a-half years.

A MILITARY PAPER-CHASE IN NATAL

THESE sketches, sent from the camp at Pinetown, Natal, will afford orthodox fox-hunters at home some idea of how their brethren of the pigskin enjoy the pleasures of the chase in a quarter of the globe where Reynard is conspicuous by his absence. After reading week by week the hunting intelligence in the English papers, and fired by the account of grand runs with noted packs, some officers decide to have the best imitation of a day's run which could be organised. Two of their number volunteer to become the foxes for the nonce, and, loaded with bags of paper, they may be seen in one of our sketches taking a stirrup cup at the meet in the front of the mess tent. They are allowed five minutes' law, and then the "master" gives

the order to the rest to start, and away everyone dashes, accompanied by the "pack," which is composed of the various pointers, terriers, and mongrels owned by the officers, and with such vigour that, of course, the scent is overrun. All now spread out to recover, until a loud "whoop" from the master announces that he has found the proper trail, and then another dash forward at racing speed is made through longish grass, with the result that when a small dyke is reached, one pony impetuously rushes into it, depositing his rider with a graceful somersault on the opposite bank. The rider, however, is quickly in his saddle again, and then a more steady pace prevails until wind is generally recovered, and then forward is again the cry. A stream is the next obstacle, which is surmounted by most of the ponies, though some degenerate sportsmen saw more than the surface of the brook, as was manifest on return to camp by the emptying of certain boots from the tent doors. From the top of the next rise the hares are viewed at a standstill, the paper having given out, and after a short spin of 500 yards, a railway with wire fencing brings the hunters to a stop and the run to an end.

MATRICULATION OF THE FIRST FEMALE STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY

See page 451.

THE NEW EDEN HOSPITAL, CALCUTTA

THE New Eden Hospital for Women and Children, Calcutta, was opened on the 19th April last by Sir Ashley Eden. The Hospital is an offshoot of the Calcutta Medical College Hospital, and is a very handsome structure. It has been built by the Public Works Department from plans furnished by Dr. Charles, and architectural designs by Mr. Anley, at a cost of upwards of six lakhs of rupees (50,000*l.*), including the value of the site, half of which sum was contributed by the Imperial Government, and half by the Government of Bengal. It consists of a central block, in which are the main staircase, the out-patient department, the resident surgeons' and sisters' quarters, a dining-room for nurses, and rooms for two matrons. On each side are the main wards for twelve patients each, magnificent rooms, with a cubic capacity of 2,700 feet per bed, and the most thorough cross ventilation. At each angle is a separate wing connected with the main building by a corridor. One of these is fitted up with bath-rooms and lavatories. The others contain small wards for the isolation of dangerous or noisy cases, confinement rooms, and rooms for private patients. A hydraulic lift is provided, by which patients can be taken from one floor to another, and the main staircase is continued on to the roof, which is arranged as a garden, and whence a fine view can be obtained over the whole of Calcutta. Broad verandahs extend along the sides of the main wards, and round the wing rooms, and the hospital is paved throughout with large slabs of black and white marble, easily kept clean, and non-absorbent. This pavement has been provided by private subscription at a cost of 20,000*l.*; and a library of 500 volumes, electric bells, and a liberal number of fine oleographs in handsome gilt frames have been supplied in the same way. The hospital is constructed for 72 patients, but could work up to 100 without any real overcrowding.

NOTE.—Mr. John Rolfe, Agent to the Hall Barn Estate, Beaconsfield, Bucks, writes thus with reference to our remarks on an engraving in last week's issue, "Counting the Bag":—"You say that 'eight or ten guns, and the keepers, together with thirty or forty beaters, can give a very good account of themselves,' &c. The average number of guns here is five or six, more than seven have never shot; no keeper is allowed to carry a gun, except for some special work, or by special order. I use for beating an average of about eight men, working hands on the estate. You say 'all fauna indiscriminately meet their doom,' and refer especially to owls. Nothing is shot here except partridges and pheasants; even hares are 'spared.' One owl has been shot in two years, and that for the purpose of a screen. In the coverts here, cocks and hens are shot for the first time through, and cocks only afterwards. In the usual sense of the term there is no battue shooting. A moderate amount of sport is provided for the amusement of the proprietor's friends and neighbours; and, after forty years' active experience in this county, I can guarantee that everything is done in a most considerate and sportsmanlike spirit."—We unhesitatingly express our regret at having inadvertently given publicity to such an inaccurate description as that which appeared last week, but we naturally relied on the correspondent who furnished the sketch.



THE HEAVIEST GALE recorded since the 14th of October, 1881, burst almost without warning on Tuesday over the Midland and Southern counties, accompanied by an extraordinary rainfall, and in places by storms of snow and sleet. In and about London trees and chimney-pots were blown down, telegraph wires snapped, and market gardens devastated, and in Albany Street Barracks the marquise for the banquet that evening to the Blues was destroyed, causing damage to the amount of 500*l.*, and compelling the postponement of the entertainment to next day. Along the coast and in the country the storm was more severely felt, and traffic was seriously impeded by the floods. On Newmarket Heath, for the first time on record, the race for the Cambridgeshire had to be put off till Wednesday. Near Dorchester a bridge on the Great Western line gave way as a train was passing, the driver being severely hurt, and several passengers a good deal shaken. In Leicestershire the roads in a few hours were turned into torrents several feet deep, and traffic on the Midland line to Peterborough was completely stopped by the washing away of an embankment. In Somersetshire and Gloucestershire the waters reached an unprecedented height, and a baker was swept away and drowned near Bristol. The mail service to the Continent was interrupted for the day, and wrecks and collisions, involving in two cases calamitous loss of life, are reported all along the coast. At Sheerness the gale was the most violent known for thirty years, and the squadron at the Nore were ordered to get up steam, so as to leave their moorings at any moment.

THE WAR.—Of the welcome given to the returning troops full particulars will be found in another column. Among further arrivals in the next few days will be the *Iberia*, with the First Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, the *Tamar*, with Sir E. Wood on board; the *California*, with a detachment of Engineers, &c. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who will take, it is now said, the title of Lord Wolseley of Cairo, left Alexandria for Trieste on Saturday, and was expected to reach England to-day. The Committee appointed by Mr. Childers, in fulfilment of a promise made last Session, to investigate the organisation of the Army Hospital Corps will now extend its inquiries to the alleged shortcomings at the commencement of the recent campaign. It will be presided over by the Earl of Morley, Under-Secretary of State for War. Mr. Childers has also nominated a Departmental Sub-Committee to report on the advisability of maintaining a larger transport establishment than heretofore for permanent employment at home and in the Mediterranean. The Duke of Connaught, it is stated, will be made a G.C.B. in recognition of his services in command of a brigade.

THE RE-ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT—fully described elsewhere—has cast into the shade the political speeches of the earlier portion of the week, though Mr. Mundella's defence of the Government at Sheffield, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone's speech at Leeds, with its unmistakable advocacy of further steps in the direction of a conciliatory policy towards Ireland, were noteworthy; and Mr. Trevelyan made a decided hit at Selkirk by his declaration that the object of Coercion was not to punish people for attacking the Government (and "the men who wrote knew it"), but to make a solitary farmhouse in Ireland as safe a residence as a shop in Selkirk High Street, and to show that the life of a peasant was as sacred as that of a Lord Lieutenant or a Lord Chancellor.

AT THE MEETING on Monday in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Mr. Forster, M.P., made a striking speech in favour of the present policy of the London School Board. It was a mistake, he showed, to suppose that London was in advance of other places in the amount of accommodation provided for Board children. On the contrary, it was inferior in this respect to the average of the country, though very successful in securing attendance. At the close a resolution was carried for the appointment of an Election School Board Committee, and an Executive Committee nominated on the spot, to which, on the motion of Mr. Cremer, six working men were added.

IN IRELAND the return of Irish M.P.'s to Westminster has increased the temporary lull in the work of agitation. Even Mr. Davitt prefers to stump the larger island, and has begun this week with a lecture in Clerkenwell on "The Castle System of Government," from which a stranger might infer that official appointments in Ireland were given exclusively to Englishmen. The New League has so far created little enthusiasm. The American Irish look askance at it; and Mr. P. J. Smyth describes it pithily as a "deceit, sham, and fraud." Some attempts have been made to get up an agitation in the North against the new "Court valuers," and Mr. O'Donnell has gone so far as to declare that all the good has been taken out of the Land Act and the Arrears Bill.—At the Dublin Town Council a proposal to confer the freedom of the city on Sir Garnet Wolseley was shelved by a side motion—a dexterous device by which objectors were enabled to avoid direct affront to one whom they are pleased to call a "distinguished Irishman," while at the same time refusing to show honour to a loyal soldier.—In a very sensible Visitation Address the Bishop of Meath congratulated his clergy on the separation from the State, which has enabled the Disestablished Church to pass through a crisis like the present without obloquy or outrage; and dwelt on the danger to which the Roman Church has exposed itself by an ill-advised alliance with Radicals and Secularists.—The death sentence on Patrick Walsh, the Letterfrack murderer—recommended to mercy by the jury—has been commuted into one of penal servitude for life.

AT A MEETING OF SOUTH YORKSHIRE COAL-OWNERS on Tuesday, at Sheffield, it was resolved to offer an advance of five per cent. from the 1st of November up to Christmas, when a new arrangement would be entered into based on a comparison of the selling price of coal during the quarter with any six months in the last two years. The men had expected an offer of 7½ per cent., and intended to demand an advance of ten per cent. The Lancashire proprietors on the same day offered the choice of 10 per cent. or arbitration, and in Leicestershire, where the price of coal has been raised 1*s.* per ton, ten per cent. has generally been conceded. At a meeting of North Wales colliers at Wrexham it was determined to stand out for an unconditional 15 per cent. According to a correspondent of *The Times* colliers in Yorkshire can earn 5*s.* 10*d.* a day, and "hurriers" a fixed pay of 4*s.* 3*d.*; while in exceptional cases miners working all the week have made from 3*l.* 14*s.* to 2*l.* 12*s.*

A MURAL MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE was unveiled by the Rev. Canon Duckworth in Westminster Abbey, on Friday last, the twelfth anniversary of his death. The tablet is of white Carrara marble, and is placed side by side with the monuments to Henry Purcell and Dr. Samuel Arnold.—At a largely attended public meeting in the anatomical lecture room at Cambridge it was determined to keep alive the memory of the late Professor Balfour by founding a studentship not of less value than 200*l.* a-year, "the holder of which should devote himself to original research in biology, especially animal morphology." The studentship will not be confined to members of the University, and will not be given away by competitive examination. The statue of Carlyle on the Embankment, opposite Great Cheyne Row, was to be unveiled on Thursday afternoon by Professor Tyndall.

AT HATFIELD the coming of age of Lord Cranborne, eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury, was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday with great rejoicings. Between 800 and 900 tenants were present at the dinner, and nearly 1,000 visitors at the ball which followed. Similar festivities on a smaller scale will take place at Cranborne, the Dorsetshire residence of the House of Cecil.

A MEETING OF THE HONORARY COMMITTEE OF GREAT BRITAIN in connection with the Amsterdam International Exhibition for 1883 was held on Monday at the Mansion House, when resolutions were passed requesting the Lord Mayor to secure the co-operation of the Council of the Society of Arts, and recommending an appeal to the Treasury for a grant in aid of the British section. The Exhibition will be specially devoted to a display of Colonial products, and with it there will be connected a loan exhibition of works of Art.

SOMERSETSHIRE is the next county to be attacked by the advocates of temperance. On Monday next a Conference will be held at Wells, under the presidency of the Bishop, to deliberate on the necessary measures for giving the men of Somerset the benefits of the Sunday Closing Act.

THE ORDNANCE OFFICES AT THE TOWER have been sold for over 60,000*l.*, and the whole block of buildings is to be removed within six weeks. The reconstruction of the Lanthorn Tower will then be commenced at once, in accordance with the old plans, which have luckily been preserved.

ON FRIDAY LAST the foundation-stone of the Smeaton Tower, at once a monument to the great engineer and a beacon to ships bound up the Channel, was laid in Plymouth Hloe by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Trinity House. A beautiful model of the new lighthouse on the Eddystone was afterwards presented to the Duchess.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD has just been issued. The cost of relief is slightly in excess of the previous year, but outdoor relief within the decade ('71-'81) has fallen from 3,663,970*l.* in the former year to 2,660,022*l.* in the latter, while the decrease in the number of paupers has been 23·8 per cent. The adulteration of articles of food seems steadily diminishing, though there are still complaints of the laxity of the authorities in enforcing the Act. The population in the decade increased 14·3 per cent., the value of rateable property 29·9 per cent. In 1871 the valuation for all England was as follows:—Gross rental, 126,473,924*l.*; rateable value, 107,398,242*l.* In 1881 the figures were respectively 165,143,300*l.* and 139,636,307*l.*

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,444 deaths were registered, against 1,563 during the previous seven days, a fall of 119, being 94 below the average, and at the rate of 19·4 per 1,000. Scarlet fever is still increasing, the fatal cases numbering 88, against 78 during the previous week. There were 2,358 births registered, a decline of 119, and 349 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 49·4 deg., and 1·5 deg. below the average.



THE ROYAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE will probably go to Lewes for their annual excursion next year.

LUTHER'S FOUR-HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY is to be celebrated with great ceremony at Berlin on November 10th, 1883.

SHAKESPEARE'S "PERICLES" was produced for the first time in Germany, at Munich, the performance being highly successful.

SPECIAL ENVELOPES FOR SENDING VISITING CARDS on New Year's Day are manufactured in Paris. They are printed with a halfpenny stamp.

SWITZERLAND HAS NEVER BEEN noted for wealth of gold coinage, but next year the financial authorities propose to issue gold 20-franc pieces, the first ever coined by the Federal Republic.

A NEW OBSERVATORY is obliged to be constructed at Dum-Dum, Bengal, owing to the size of a large photo-heliograph for taking photographs of the sun's spots, which has been sent to India by the Committee of Solar Physics in South Kensington.

THE GREEK CURRANT CROP.—"Mincing Lane" writes to us with reference to our note last week on the failure of this crop, that "55,000 tons of currants of this season's crop have been sent from the various ports of Greece, and there are still a great many thousands tons available."

MESSRS. G. W. BACON AND CO., of 127, Strand, have sent us a coloured bird's-eye view of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and an amusing caricature of Mr. Gladstone as Andromeda, chained to a rock, and in danger of being devoured by the monster Unpopularity, when he is rescued by Perseus (Sir G. Wolseley) bearing Arabi's head.

AUSTRALIAN WINES have carried off no fewer than seventy-nine prizes, including sixteen gold and twenty-nine silver medals at the International Wine Exhibition at Bordeaux. The red wines gave greater satisfaction than the white, red Hermitage from Victoria and New South Wales obtaining eight gold and seven silver medals.

"HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL" (*Fun* Office, 153, Fleet Street) has now appeared for fifteen years in succession. The issue for 1883 is, as usual, brimful of comical pictures by Messrs. Gordon Thomson, J. F. Sullivan, Hal Ludlow, Ernest Grisct, and others, and of comical prose and poetry by such writers as Dutton Cook, Dowty, Manville Fenn, Leland, E. Jerrold, and H. S. Leigh.

GERMANY is supposed to be fairly exempt from railway accidents, but it appears that during the month of August no less than 178 were recorded. In five instances the trains ran off the metals on the open line and in fifteen in the stations; there were sixteen collisions, and 142 accidents of a miscellaneous character. One hundred and fifty-four persons in all were injured, and 100 vehicles more or less damaged.

THE OBJECTION OF FRENCH JURIES to condemn criminals to death is well-known, and that of the Government to carry out the sentence seems to be increasing. From the beginning of 1879 up to the present date ninety sentences of death have been passed in France, but only ten have been executed, nineteen condemned persons having been respited in 1879, twenty-one in 1880, eighteen last, and twenty-two during the present year.

ARABI PASHA'S PRISON is situated behind the New Hotel, Cairo. It was built about fifteen years ago, but is already much out of repair. The building was used in the first instance as a large shop, and was occupied by theatrical costumiers, and later became a warehouse for State furniture. The room in which Arabi is confined contains a camp bed, two chairs, a bench, and an earthen pitcher standing on the window-sill. Arabi's food consists principally of rice, and a boiled fowl is served to him every day.

A BALL-ROOM CAR is the latest novelty across the Atlantic, and has been introduced on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Line. A merry excursion was recently made by a party from St. Louis who danced vigorously with the train moving at the speed of forty miles an hour. The ball-room was a large luggage car sixty feet long by fifteen wide, the floor was well carpeted, the walls beautifully painted and hung with pictures, and decorated with hunting, evergreens, and garlands of roses. An orchestra accompanied the dancers, and refreshments were handed round every hour.

MALMAISON, THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, was sold by auction at Vendôme's last week, and knocked down to a financial association for 18,120*l.* Malmaison has changed hands many times, having been bought soon after Josephine's death by the mother of the ex-Queen of Spain, who resided there for some years. In 1861 Napoleon III. purchased it for 60,000*l.*, and after the fall of the Empire it became the property of the nation. A short time ago a Parisian banker bought it as a speculation, but becoming bankrupt the property has been brought to the hammer.

THE RUSSIAN POLAR EXPEDITION has been heard of at Archangel. The expedition consists of a lieutenant, a sub-lieutenant, a doctor, several sailors, and assistants, and its object is to take part in the surveys which are being made by different nations in the Polar Seas. It has taken up quarters in the cantonment of Maly Kormakouly, in Nova Zemlya, where the cold is already intense, and the sun will not be visible for four months, the only light being that of the Aurora Borealis. Fish and game are abundant, and the Polar fox, the bear, the seal, and the shark will afford sport for the members of the expedition, which is well supplied with provisions, and instruments for taking observations.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, Gravesend, once more make application for parcels of old books or old papers for the sailors to read when not on duty. Last year our appeal brought more than 4 cwt. of books to the Society, and Mr. Chapman writes: "If the donors could have seen the sailors looking over the ship's sides, pointing to the papers and asking for some of them, we feel sure they would have been repaid for their trouble. Foreign sailors have begged for them, especially Germans and Norwegians, and our soldiers going to Egypt." Parcels addressed to J. T. Chapman, Esq., The Bethel, Gravesend, will be delivered carriage free by the South-Eastern Railway Company, or may be left at the Bricklayers' Arms Station, Old Kent Road, S.E.

THE WRECK REGISTER FOR 1880-81 just issued shows that the number of wrecks and collisions on the coast of the United Kingdom during that period was 3,575, being 1,056 in excess of those of the previous twelve months, and resulting in the loss of 984 lives. Of these wrecks only 705 cases were total losses, and there was loss of life from only 238, or about 1 in 18 of the vessels lost or damaged. The localities of the wrecks, excluding collisions, were as follows:—East coasts of England and Scotland, 1,088; South coast, 503; West coasts of England and Scotland and the coast of Ireland, 987; North coast of Scotland, 82; and other parts, 202; total, 2,862. The number of collisions during the year was 713, of which 63 were between steamships; 148 between steam and sailing vessels; and 72 between steamships under way and steam or sailing vessels at anchor. The National Lifeboat Institution reports that during the past twenty-seven years there have been 55,416 wrecks around our coast, involving a loss of 19,534 lives, the lifeboats of that institution saving 12,667 lives during the same period.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
SIR GARNET WOLSELEY

THE KHEDIVE
SIR E. MALET



THE KHEDIVE SALUTING THE HOLY CARPET AT CAIRO BEFORE ITS DESPATCH TO MECCA, OCT. 8
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

FOREIGN

THE preparations for Arabi's trial continue to form the chief item of the news from EGYPT. His counsel, Mr. Broadley and Mr. H. Mark Napier, have visited and conferred with him, while the former has announced that he has found a large trunk full of papers, which comprise the complete correspondence with the Sultan and other important personages, sufficient, it is stated, to compromise the "whole of Islamism." Thus we may soon expect some interesting revelations. The chief counts against Arabi will include indictments for having hoisted the white flag at Alexandria, under cover of which he retired with his troops, and gave up the city to fire and pillage; for having incited his countrymen to arm against the Khédive; for having continued the war notwithstanding the news of peace, and for having incited to civil war, devastation, massacre, and pillage in Egyptian territory. Arabi is working hard with his advisers for his defence, expresses his determination to make a clean breast of everything, and has just discovered that any further National movement or trust in the Sultan would be folly, and that Egypt's future happiness consists in England undertaking her virtual government. He states with delightful coolness that he wishes to leave Egypt with his family as soon as possible, and that he will accept exile in any part of the British dominions.

Meanwhile some extracts from the official *communiqués* to the *Egyptian Gazette* during the war have been published. These show the utter unscrupulousness with which Arabi and his colleagues promulgated the most shameless falsehoods, not only with regard to military operations, but respecting the moral conduct of the British army. Throughout the latter part of August his "victorious troops" were always worsting the Infidels, whose soldiers were declared to have mutinied, and only prevented from deserting to embrace the "true religion" by being shot down. Accordingly the British authorities hired Greeks and Syrians, who, when they saw the heaps of dead English, threw down their arms in their turn. The bloodhound story is told with great gusto, as a proof that "the climax of British ill-success and defeat had come." The action of September 9th is declared to have resulted in a loss to the English of 2,500 dead and wounded remaining on the field of battle; while on the same day the English in Alexandria were represented as overcome by disappointment and overwhelmed with distress, and as pillaging the houses and palaces, and removing their contents to their ships in the greatest haste.

In connection with all this, it is curious to read a letter to *The Times* from Arabi's Swiss colleague, M. Ninet, who writes to complain bitterly of the way in which he was arrested and confined in filthy Egyptian prisons, where he was even warned not to eat the food if he wished to come out alive. Being finally placed on board a steamer, he ascertained that he was being taken to Constantinople, "on a fair road to some new place of oblivion under Ottoman rule," but, through the help of an Armenian officer of the ship, he succeeded in getting himself smuggled on shore at the Piræus. He points a moral to his tale by declaring that there are 3,000 men lying in filthy Egyptian prisons for no reason but that "they joined the National Egyptian Government in defence of their Egyptian country." "They are all murdered men," M. Ninet declares, "unless England interferes." The English people are warned that they do not know what they are doing in re-establishing the horrible rule of the Circassians in Egypt. They cannot guess the ferocity of these cruel Turks whom they are re-establishing in power, or the helplessness of the timid Egyptian people placed once more under their yoke." This last phrase is certainly most applicable to the "timid and helpless" ruffians who murdered unoffending Christians at Alexandria and Tanta, who, wounded on the field of battle, shot our soldiers when endeavouring to succour them, and who are as ready to tear Arabi to pieces now that he is unsuccessful, as they were a couple of months since to kiss his feet.

As for M. Ninet's less fortunate colleagues who have not been able to escape or write letters to the *Times*, they are still awaiting trial, but the Khédive has determined to grant a partial amnesty to the subordinate officers, with the exception of those directly concerned in the massacres. Other Egyptian news mainly relates to Baker Pasha and his army reorganisation scheme. In this he proposes that the new force should be officered half by Englishmen and half by Egyptians. The regiments commanded by Englishmen, however, would be officered under the Indian system—namely, there would be a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel, an Adjutant, and two other officers Englishmen, the other officers being Egyptians. The new army should consist of 10,900 men, the infantry being divided into twelve battalions of 500 men each, the mounted infantry into two similar battalions, the cavalry into one such battalion, the garrison artillery into two, while the horse and field artillery would be composed of six batteries mounting four guns, each served by 100 men. There would be two regiments of gendarmes under the command of native officers and two British inspectors. The expense of the army is calculated at the sum fixed by the Law of Liquidation—368,000 Egyptian liras.

The main portion of the British troops have now sailed for England, Sir Garnet Wolseley left on Saturday, and the Duke of Connaught would probably start homewards yesterday (Friday). The country is fairly quiet, though the fanatics of the interior still occasion some trouble. At Tanta, however, things are mending, as at a recent banquet the Ulemas made most conciliatory speeches, one declaring that "amity should exist between Mussulmans and Christians" being received with especial applause. The Courban Bairam festivities also have passed off without any untoward incident, and there would be now every sign of at least a temporary period of tranquillity for Egypt were it not for an ugly cloud in the Soudan, where Professor Schweinfurth asserts that the Mahdi, or "false prophet," and his followers have completely defeated the Egyptians. Eight thousand troops, it is believed, perished in recent combats, and the remainder are disbanded and demoralised by their defeats. Should Khartoum be carried, the insurrection would spread to an alarming extent.

In FRANCE the Government are showing considerable energy in grappling with the Socialist agitation, the extent of which, as revealed by the trial of the rioters at Montceau-les-Mines, has created considerable alarm. Numerous arrests have been made at Lyons, at St. Étienne, at Paris, and at Montceau-les-Mines, which is now practically militarily occupied. Amongst those arrested was M. Crie, formerly secretary to that distinguished geographer and equally eminent Radical, M. Elisée Réclus. This last-named enthusiast, by the way, has just married off his two daughters without even going through the civil ceremony. He gave a dinner, during which he got up and made a brief speech, declaring them wedded to the husbands of their choice, and—*voilà tout*. A Socialist gathering recently pronounced sentence of death upon M. Duclerc, while papers which have been seized prove the existence of an International Dynamite Association at Geneva, and with branches in the towns and manufacturing villages of France. These, there is little doubt, are responsible for some bombs which have been exploded at Lyons with serious results, while the "no rent" agitation in Paris has resulted in a number of placards suddenly being posted up, informing discon-

tented tenants that houses may easily be fired by a mixture of petroleum and spirit, with which the lower stairs should be smeared. Various manufacturers also in different parts of France have received threatening letters unless they raise their men's wages; while a "proclamation" has been issued at Marseilles threatening the President, his Ministers, Prefects, and capitalists with "steel, fire, poison, and every means of destruction." Indeed, matters have grown so serious that the trial of the authors of the Montceau-les-Mines outrages has been postponed a session owing to the attempts which have been made to intimidate the jury. It was felt at the time that the disturbances, despite some just grievances of the miners, were prompted by more than mere trade rancour, but the existence of so serious a Socialist organisation as has now been discovered was certainly not suspected.

The Chambers will reassemble for the autumn on November 9th. At present, the Socialist agitation excepted, there is little of home political interest stirring, and the future of Egypt and the position of France in the new régime is the chief *haute politique* topic. Special negotiations are said to be now going on between the two Governments, and on account of these the Government is said to have prohibited a new work by Count Herisson on the Chinese expedition, which he has compiled from official documents in the Foreign Office, and the publication of which, it is thought, might give offence to England. It is confidently stated in some quarters that a treaty has been arranged between the French Government and the Bey of Tunis (who, by the way, is seriously ill), which will shortly be presented to the Assembly for ratification. This authorises France to take Tunisian finance in hand (the debt amounts to 5,200,000*l.*), to establish a new tribunal for international litigation (in place of the capitulations), to organise the administration of the public property, and to direct the collection of taxes. By this Tunis will be practically annexed to France. Meanwhile M. de Brazza is working hard to push his proposition for the annexation of that district on the Congo which he recently so industriously bedecked with French flags. He certainly spares no pains to further his object. A banquet was given last week to Mr. H. M. Stanley by the Stanley Club, and after Mr. Stanley had delivered a long speech giving his version of M. de Brazza's work, and not painting that gentleman in the most flattering terms, M. de Brazza appeared, and asked to make a statement. He adroitly disavowed all idea of antagonism to Mr. Stanley, whom he termed a fellow-labourer in the same field—the progress and civilisation of Africa, and drank to the civilisation of that benighted country, "by the joint efforts of all nations and under every flag."

In PARIS the serious epidemic of typhoid fever is at last showing signs of abatement, though another celebrity, the well-known comedian, M. Monthars, has fallen a victim to the disease. The Council of Public Health has published a series of useful instructions for treating persons stricken with the disease, and the subsequent disinfection of their clothing; while there is considerable discussion respecting the system of drainage and the water supply. The chief social topics have been the successful production at the Nouveautés of a new comic opera by M. Lecoq, *Le Cœur et la Main*, and of yet another new operetta, by MM. Raoul Toché and Gaston Serpette, *La Princesse*, at the Variétés.

The elections to the Prussian Diet have excited great interest throughout GERMANY. The result was at first thought to be in favour of the Liberals, who were announced to have won thirty seats. Subsequent returns, however, show that the position of parties will remain about the same, no party having a decided majority. As usual the Liberals have been successful in the towns, and the Conservatives in the provinces. It is expected that the Anti-Socialistic laws will shortly be repealed, but meanwhile by virtue of that measure the Federal Council has prolonged the minor state of siege in Hamburg for a year.

The Delegations of AUSTRIA-HUNGARY met at Pesth on Wednesday. The Session is looked upon as likely to be important, owing to the Army and Bosnian questions and the ever-present Egyptian crisis. The insurrection in Herzegovina is said to be on the increase, and possibly further reinforcements may be needed. The Socialist Oberdank, in whose possession were found explosive shells during the recent festivities at Trieste, has been condemned to death, but the sentence has not yet been published, as it rests with the Emperor to decide whether he is to be shot or hanged. In all probability, however, he will be neither—but reprieved. The European Danube Commission met at Vienna on Tuesday for its regular Session, but the vexed Kilia Mouth question will not be definitively discussed until the whole question of the position of the European and the Mixed Commissions is raised.

There has been an attempted assassination of the King of SERBIA. On Monday the King arrived in Belgrade after several months' absence, was met and welcomed by the Queen, the Crown Prince, and the Ministry, and went to the Metropolitan Church to offer the customary thanks for his safe return. As he was about to enter, a woman fired a pistol at him, fortunately without effect, the bullet doing no harm, and merely grazing a lady's dress. The culprit, who was immediately arrested, is a Madame Markovic, the widow of Colonel Markovic, who was executed for having taken part in the assassination of the late Prince Michael. She is thought to be insane. The King, after attending to the Queen, who had fainted, remained in the church until the end of the service, and subsequently drove in an open carriage through the city. Next day there was a grand *Te Deum* at the Cathedral, and the Foreign Diplomatic Body presented their congratulations to the King on his escape.

In INDIA the many vexed questions of British administration are being seriously taken in hand by the Government, and a resolution dealing with the subject of land revenue remission and suspension has been gazetted. This affects the temporarily-settled districts of Upper India and the Central Provinces.—Great preparations are being made for welcoming the native troops upon their return from Egypt, and much satisfaction has been expressed at the manner in which the Indian contingent behaved during the campaign, and the admirable work achieved by the troops.—Another fruitful topic has been the Salvation Army, the whole of whose members at Bombay have been arrested for persisting in marching in procession through the native town.—There are signs of renewed trouble in Afghanistan. Abdul Kudus Khan has once more been dismissed from the Governorship of Herat, being replaced by a son of the Ameer. It is stated, however, that a revolt has occurred in which the Governor was killed. Troops have been despatched from Cabul to suppress the rising.

In the UNITED STATES Philadelphia has been commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of William Penn, and the foundation of the Quaker city. There have been the usual processions and patriotic speeches, and high holiday has been kept throughout the week. On Tuesday night a firework bomb exploded prematurely, and killed six persons.—In SPAIN the Government have at last determined to oppose the restoration of the Constitution of 1876, which Marshal Serrano and his new party have announced as their profession of faith.—In WESTERN AFRICA the trial at Sierra Leone of the two ex-missionaries and their wives for causing the death of a native girl, has resulted in the condemnation of John Williams and his wife to twenty years' William F. John to eighteen and a-half, and his wife to two years' penal servitude.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Transvaal Boers are at war with the Chief Mapoch, who has insulted the agents of the Transvaal and the British Resident, and refuses to pay all taxes.—In the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS a tremendous hurricane has nearly destroyed the town of Manila, and more than 60,000 families have been rendered homeless.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice, who had been staying a few days at Glassalt Shiel, returned to Balmoral last week. On Sunday Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse attended Divine Service at the Parish Church of Crathie, the Rev. Archibald Campbell officiating. On Monday the Queen walked and drove out, and in the afternoon the Grand Duke of Hesse, with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, left the Castle. Lord Carlingford and the Hon. Victor Spencer dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On the return of Her Majesty to Windsor on November 16th, the Queen will remain there until December 14th—the anniversary of the death of Prince Consort—when the usual religious services will be held. During the visit of the Queen to London to open the New Law Courts Her Majesty will present the Victoria Cross to those to whom it has been awarded, on the parade ground of the Admiralty. The Queen has appointed the Rev. Archibald A. Campbell, Minister of Crathie, to be Her Majesty's Domestic Chaplain in Scotland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters left Marlborough House on Saturday for Windsor, where the Prince, as Colonel-in-Chief, inspected the Squadron of the Second Life Guards. The Prince and Princess subsequently returned to London, and were visited by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Louis of Battenberg, the latter remaining to dinner, and accompanying the Prince and Princess to the Lyceum Theatre. On Sunday, after attending Divine Service, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the young Princesses, were present at the arrival from Egypt at the Hyde Park Barracks of the First Life Guards. The Prince afterwards inspected the squadron. On Monday the Prince visited the sick and wounded non-commissioned officers and troopers of the First Life Guards in hospital at the Regent's Park Barracks. The Prince and Princess are expected at Sandringham this week. The Prince was to visit Newmarket at the latter end of this week, and Lord and Lady Walsingham will entertain the Prince and Princess at Merton on the 20th or 27th of November. The Prince has consented to act as President of a Committee which is being formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the late Dean of Windsor in St. George's Chapel.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday evening, and on Monday visited Chatham. Foot-rot has broken out among the sheep just purchased by the Duke for his farm at Eastwell Park.—The Duke of Connaught was present at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Egypt, at Cairo, on Tuesday, and has accepted the office of Grand Warden. The Duke will unveil a statue of the Prince Imperial at Woolwich on his return from Egypt.—Prince and Princess Christian have arrived at Windsor from Germany.—Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise are expected to conclude their tour in British Columbia, and will leave Victoria on the 30th inst., and return to Ottawa.

CHURCH NEWS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, according to the latest bulletins, "is gradually though slowly regaining strength, and good hopes may now be entertained of his ultimate recovery." He is "able to transact a little necessary business, and to listen to reading."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE VICAR'S POOR RATE FUND at Coventry, as was anticipated by many from the first, are coming in slowly. 3,570*l.* have been already collected, of which 807*l.* have been subscribed by non-parishioners. Of those liable to the rate only 264 have given anything, and these have contributed 2,693*l.* The sum of 1,500*l.* has still, therefore, to be raised, or the whole scheme will fall through.

ST. ALBAN'S HALL, one of the oldest foundations in Oxford, ceases this term to have an independent existence, and will henceforth be incorporated with Merton College. Archbishop Whately and Peter Elmsley were among its former Principals, and Cardinal Newman was for a short time Vice-Principal. The close of its career as an independent hostelry has been accelerated by the illness of its present Principal, the Rev. W. C. Salter.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE VESSEL, the steam launch *Peace*, of six tons burden, is now lying off the Houses of Parliament, waiting to be conveyed on shipboard to the Congo, and there taken to pieces and carried on the backs of native porters to Stanley Pool, for the use of the Baptist Mission in Central Africa. Although as peaceful in equipment as her name implies, the little launch will carry some slight defences against poisoned arrows and other weapons of the fierce Upper Congo tribes. The *Peace* was built by Messrs. Thornycroft, and presented to the Mission by Mr. Arthington, of Leeds. Her trial trip was made last week in the presence of a select party of gentlemen, including a representative of the King of the Belgians.

AT HANLEY, on Sunday night, during a "Holiness Meeting" in a room attached to the Imperial Circus, now utilised for the "Salvation Mission," directed by the seceder "Gipsy" Smith, the floor suddenly gave way, and some 200 "soldiers" were precipitated into the lower storey, which had been formerly used as the stables for the circus. Forty-three persons were more or less seriously injured, and one or two it is feared may die. Meanwhile the local corps of the regular army is holding a series of special meetings to overwhelm the mission movements of the seceding "captain." From Bombay it is reported that the Salvation skirmishers have again resisted the authorities, and in consequence been sent again to prison, a fate which has also befallen ten of the force for resistance to the police at Yeovil. At Birkenhead the other day the opponents of the army constructed a barricade to impede the march, but were bravely routed, and their barricade stormed by the Salvationists, assisted by the police. A leader of the mob was sent to prison without the option of a fine.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL has been defending his conduct for officiating in a Presbyterian Church in Scotland. There was no Church of England place to go to, and he had a perfect right to worship where the Queen worships while in the Highlands.

AT ST. MATTHEW'S, SHEFFIELD, a church till recently in the hands of the Evangelical party, by one of whose members it was erected and endowed, the alleged Ritualistic doctrines of a Mr. Ives, a Bristol clergyman, invited by the new Vicar to conduct a mission service, have led to some unseemly squabbling. At the Saturday morning service Mr. Winn, "the people's warden," endeavoured to prevent Mr. Ives from preaching, and, not succeeding in this, left the church followed by many of the congregation. The Archbishop has replied to a letter from Mr. Winn, stating that he has called on the Vicar for an explanation, and no

opposition was, therefore, offered to the services on Sunday. Mr. Ives has written to the papers to say that his preaching was strictly "Church of England," and it is hinted that the attack upon him is in fact political—the Vicar, Mr. Ommanney, being a nominee of Mr. Gladstone.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE commenced at Leicester on Monday afternoon with an address of welcome to the town from the Rev. A. A. Isaacs, and the reading of reports on the work of the Alliance in Austria and Sweden. On Tuesday Dr. Bevan delivered the presidential address, and an interesting letter was read from the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, thanking the Alliance for having been the first to take the sympathy of the country to the persecuted Jews of Russia.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, according to the *Guardian*, having been definitely advised that the living of Miles Platting is now vacant under the provisions of the Public Worship Act, is about to make formal application to Lord Penzance for the release of Mr. Green.



A WAGNER INCIDENT.—At a recent sale of autographs in Berlin, a certain lot contained, among other curiosities, a letter from Richard Wagner, protesting against the introduction of one of his own since most highly extolled pieces in the programme of a concert about to be given at Dresden. The letter is dated 1873, and the particular passage referred to is subjoined:—"I am sorry to hear that Herr — is still resolved to perform *The Ride of the Walkyres*, a piece in the highest degree displeasing to me." The name of the concert-giver does not appear. In 1876 (only three years later), at the Bayreuth performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, this same "Ride" of Wotan's female shield-warriors was more applauded than anything else.

DVOŘÁK'S NEW BOHEMIAN OPERA.—The long-expected opera, *Dimtiri*, by the Czech composer, Dvořák, whom Brahms was the first to bring forward, and Dr. Hanslick, the Viennese critic of the *Neue Freie Presse* the first to recognise cordially, has been produced at the National Theatre, Prague (in the Czech language of course), with signal success. The libretto, by Madame Czerwinka (a Bohemian), is founded upon the story of the false Czar Demetrius, a subject already partially treated by Anton Rubinstein. Dvořák, for a long time almost ignored, is now recognised far and wide—even here, in "unmusical England," thanks to Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Arthur Chappell, of the Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall. Happily, the more that is known of him the conviction that he is really a man of genius gathers strength.

WAIFS.—The death of the once very popular singer Marianne Schönberger (Mlle. Marconi), at the age of ninety-seven, is announced at Darmstadt.—At the second Leipzig Gewandhaus Concert the programme is reported to have included a third symphony by Johannes Brahms, entitled "Im Walde." Good news, if true; but at all events the sooner we hear it in England the better for all lovers of sterling classical music. At the same concert Herr Alwin Schröder played the violoncello concerto composed by the late Bernhard Molique for Alfredo Piatti. "Kapellmeister's music," doubtless, according to the judgment of our self-"advanced" monitors, but fine, as Piatti took good care to show. The vocalist was Madame Amalia Joachim.—At the Dresden Theatre Royal the rarely heard *Simon Boccanegra*, an early work by Verdi, is in preparation; Mozart's *Idomeneo* and one of the *Iphigenias* of Gluck are about to be revived; Rubinstein's *Maccabees*, with Marianne Brandt as Lea, the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer, and (*bona fide* novelty) a comic opera entitled *Der verkaufte Braut*, by the somewhat eccentric, though decidedly gifted Smetana, together with other pieces, completing a repertory unusually varied and extensive. At the *soirées* here of Professor Rappoldi a trio in F minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Heinrich Marschner, composer of the *Vampyr*, *Hans Heiling*, and other legendary operas, at one period greatly in vogue, will excite a good deal of curiosity and (pace the "advanced" school, to whom Marschner was bitterly hostile) might not be altogether unworthy consideration from the director of the London Popular Concerts.—The Theater an der Wien, at Vienna, after the termination of the actual season will be exclusively lighted after the recently adopted electric plan.—The fall of the iron curtain, but lately reported, has not kept the doors of the Berlin Royal Opera closed for any considerable lapse of time. The house reopened, some time since, with a performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.—Pauline Lucca has been recently "the observed of all observers" in Paris. What a change might be made in the representation of grand opera, if only M. Vaucorbeil could induce Pauline to vouchsafe him her occasional assistance! The two German Emperors, however, might object.—Our highly promising young pianist and composer, Mr. Eugène d'Albert, is now, it is said, a pupil of Franz Liszt. He has been recently playing at the Stadttheater in Cologne. Why does not Mr. Arthur Chappell call him back to England and the "Pops," where his occasional appearances would better serve his purposes of advancement, and better content his many English friends and admirers?—Herr Joseph Joachim will arrive in London at the end of November, to fulfil his engagement at the Popular Concerts.—Our next week's article will be exclusively dedicated to Concerts.

THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

THE ground on which the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir was fought is an undulating plateau of desert sand. Rising gently from the camping-ground at Kassassin, it slopes very gradually on its northern side, but more rapidly on its southern face towards the Canal. Its greatest elevation—about 130 feet—is reached in front of Tel-el-Kebir, the name of which means "the great tumulus or mound," and is marked by the centre of the line of defensive works erected by the Egyptians. Behind these the plateau narrows into an irregular spur sinking into the plain beyond the Railway Station, and forming between that point and the fortifications a wide shallow valley, which faces the Canal, and in which the principal camp of the enemy had been pitched. The surface of the desert is composed of a hard and occasionally gravelly crust, and is devoid of trees or shelter; but south of the Canal a tongue of cultivated land, rich in crops of maize and millet, and dotted with numerous villages, extends out into the desert to the west of Tel-el-Kebir. This, the Wady Tumilat, is intersected by numerous channels, which are supplied by the old irrigation Canal running parallel to the modern one. El Wady is practically impassable for troops at all times.

The village of Tel-el-Kebir is situated on the northern edge of this oasis, and consists of a straggling collection of mud houses, varied by castellated-looking structures and dove-cots, interspersed with palms. Its population numbers 400 souls, and its most important building is a dilapidated barrack, capable of holding about 700 men. A half-mile to the north runs the Sweet Water Canal, which supplies Ismailia and Suez, and the railway to Zagazig. The former is crossed by an iron drawbridge, forty feet wide, resting on stone abutments. The latter is a single line of

4 feet 8 inches gauge; but there is room for another line. From Kassassin to the first line of Egyptian batteries is seven miles; the railway station being a mile and a half further on.

Tel-el-Kebir owes its strategic importance, therefore, to three things. First, it covers the Canal and Railway to Zagazig; secondly, the ground near it affords a strong defensive position; thirdly, it closes the gap between Wady Tumilat and the Delta at Koraim on the other flank; and from both places it is within reach of ample supplies of food and water.

These elements of value had long been recognised. As far back as last autumn a shelter trench had been commenced here perpendicular to the Canal. After hostilities broke out this was strengthened, furnished with batteries, and lengthened along the spur towards the Railway Station, thus forming a salient at the point occupied by No. 7 Battery. Finally the line of works from the Canal was continued in a direct line towards Koraim, and, had this point been reached, the edge of the Delta towards Salahieh would have been also strengthened by works.

The Egyptian force has been estimated at 18,000 regulars, 7,000 irregulars, and sixty guns, as rations for that number were issued the day before the battle; this does not include the detachment at Salahieh, which was 5,000 strong, with 24 guns. The British force consisted of 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns, including the sailors with their Gatlings, and the 40-pounder on the armoured train.

The camp at Kassassin was broken up at 6 P.M., on the 12th, and the army then marched about three miles, and, halting in line of quarter columns, bivouacked. At 1.30 line of battle was formed, and the advance was recommenced. Perfect silence was preserved, and only a very slight sound arose from the marching of the men. The proper direction was maintained partly by a few guide posts put up by the Engineers the day before, and partly by observing the position of the stars. At 4 A.M. a short halt was made about 1,000 yards from the works, and from this point the movement was continued until at about 4.45 A.M., when the batteries were from 300 yards (on the left) to 500 yards distant, and the enemy's fire opened. From this moment a steady rush was made, and the lines successively reached and stormed the trenches without material check. The left (Indian) contingent started an hour and a half before the centre and right; in order not to arouse the villages in the Wady and give the enemy warning. These precautions, however, did not prevent the Egyptians becoming aware of the march; but, owing to the delay at the first bivouac, they had ceased to expect an attack till later in the day. Goodenough's Artillery did not come into action, but remained limbered up; one battery, however, crossed the line of works after they were carried, and used case against the flying enemy, and another assisted in silencing Battery No. 9. The actual struggle was only of twenty minutes' duration; and during that time the British loss amounted to 9 officers and 48 men killed, 27 officers and 353 men wounded, and 22 men missing. The Highland Light Infantry suffered most heavily. The Egyptian loss is difficult to estimate; probably about 700 to 1,000 killed in the fight, another 1,000 in retreat, 2,000 prisoners, and about 800 wounded, who were treated afterwards, fairly represents it. Vast quantities of stores, the whole of the standing camp, and 59 guns fell into the hands of the victors.



THE appearance of the young American actress, Miss Calhoun, in the character of Rosalind, at the IMPERIAL Theatre, has unfortunately added nothing to the favourable impression created by her acting in the part of Hester Grazebrook. The *forte* of this clever young lady seems to lie, as we have already said, rather in earnest passion than in the light and graceful style required for the adequate interpretation of those scenes in the Forest of Arden which are so delightfully associated in the minds of the present generation of playgoers with the person of Mrs. Kendal. As, moreover, the acting of the comedy in general was below the standard of the metropolitan stage, there is unfortunately not much ground for congratulation over this latest Shakespearian venture.

The rush to secure seats in advance for *Much Ado About Nothing* at the LYCEUM Theatre is, we believe, altogether without precedent, not excepting even the most successful of previous Shakespeare revivals under Mr. Irving's management. Possibly Mr. Irving's statement that he intends to adhere to his previously announced intention of going through a round of his old parts, both in poetical plays and melodrama, before his departure for the United States next year, may have had something to do with the eagerness with which his patrons are availing themselves of the opportunity of seeing this beautiful performance. It seems, however, not unlikely that the plans referred to may undergo revision. Certainly the popularity of this revival is not likely soon to decline; and it is to be remembered that Mr. Irving has again and again declared that in matters of this kind he is entirely in the hands of the public—or in other words that he will not change his bill while it is evident that there is no desire that he should do so.

The new comedy in three acts which Mr. Pinero has written for Mr. Toole is to be produced at TOOLE'S Theatre on Tuesday next. Its title is *Boys and Girls: a Nursery Tale*.

It is believed that Mr. Tennyson's new rustic drama, *The Promise of May*, of which we have already given some account, will be performed before the Queen, at Balmoral, before it is publicly produced at the GLOBE Theatre next month. The scene is laid in the Poet Laureate's native county, Lincolnshire.

Little Miss Muffet at the CRITERION is to be withdrawn very shortly, to make way for a temporary revival of Mr. Burnand's *Betsy*.

Mr. John Hollingshead has publicly stated that the gross receipts of the first four weeks and two days' performance of the new burlesque of *Little Robin Hood* have reached the large sum of 5,018.

Mr. Albery is stated to have resigned his seat on the board of the NOVELTY Theatre, now building in Great Queen Street.

A new *à propos* piece, written by Mr. Arthur Mathison, and entitled *More Than Ever*, is about to be produced at the Gaiety. Its official description is "a concentrated tragedy in one horror. Scene: Ghostly Manor. Bad Characters: Sir Crimson Fluid, Baronet; Arcenico della Morte, an Italian adventurer; Shambles, with a guilty secret; Karigey, a man kangaroo; and the Lady Acqua Toffana." The skit is a parody upon the new play called *For Ever*, in which Mr. George Conquest, as Zachary Pastrana, the man-monkey, has been so successful in horrifying visitors to the SURREY Theatre.

M. Lecocq's new opera *bouffe*, *Heart and Hand* (*Le Cœur et la Main*) was produced last week at the Paris Nouveautés. Singularly enough the plot is almost identical with M. Lecocq's earlier opera, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, produced early this year at the STRAND, under the title of *Manola*. A certain Prince Gaetan is compelled, for reasons of State, to marry Michaela, daughter of the Prince of Aragon. To her he will give his hand but not his heart, which is true to a charming girl whom he believes to be the fiancée of one Morales. But Morales is really in love with one Josepha, while the girl to whom he is supposed to be engaged, and whom the Prince loves, is in truth the Princess Michaela, the Royal betrothed.

How, under the theatrical disguise of a veil, the two girls change places, and how the Prince unwittingly marries the Princess with the essentially Gallic complications which ensue, those who have seen *Manola* may readily imagine.

The late Joanna Baillie, in her series of "Plays of the Passions," was content, if we remember rightly, to deal with one passion at a time; but the dramatic world progresses. A portentous melodrama, by Mr. James Willing, to be produced at the NATIONAL STANDARD on Monday week, though provided with the moderate title of *The Ruling Passion*, is designed, it is said, to illustrate in six successive acts the working of the six passions, Avarice, Fear, Ambition, Love, Pleasure, and Revenge.

It has been decided by the Russian Government that all scenery, decorations, and dresses in use in the Imperial theatres shall be steeped in or endued with some preparation which will render them absolutely incombustible. The cost of this reform is expected to be about 51,000 roubles per annum.

If Mr. Toole's singing of the song entitled "The Speaker's Eye," in the new burlesque trifle at his theatre, should fail to give satisfaction, it cannot be for want of a competent instructor. On looking at the music for the first time in a railway carriage on his way from York to Manchester, and lamenting his inability to read the notes, his old friend, Mr. Sims Reeves, who happened to be his only fellow-voyager, kindly undertook to coach him; nor did they part company until the popular comedian had learnt to imitate (of course *longo intervallo*) the notes of his distinguished preceptor.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The *Turquoise Ring*, by Messrs. Godfrey and Craigie, was a successful piece when originally produced at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, the music, by Mr. Lionel Benson, being particularly pretty. It has now been revived. The plot turns on the emotions excited by a ring, which the wife of a London alderman staying at Nice playfully slips on the finger of a sleeping Italian girl, which her lover jealously snatches from her, and which afterwards excites unpleasant feelings in the breast of Sir Timothy Turtle himself when he sees his wife's jewel on the finger of a picturesque young Italian. The piece was well played throughout, and a new song in French, "Batelier," dit Lisette" (the pretty words by Béranger), was very effective. In a new musical sketch, *En Route*, Mr. Corney Grain gives some of his recent travelling experiences on the Continent. He seems, wherever he went, to have been haunted by the popular tune prevailing for the moment in that region, and it goes without saying that his description of his sufferings is highly diverting.

MATRICULATION OF THE FIRST FEMALE STUDENT AT CHRISTIANIA UNIVERSITY

NORWAY has followed with rapid strides in the wake of modern civilisation, and not wishing to be behind other countries in the great question of "Woman's Rights," the Norwegian University has this year opened its doors to female aspirants to academical honours.

During the union with Denmark, Norway had no University of its own, and during that long period of four hundred years the Norwegians were obliged to send their sons to Copenhagen for their University education, but a few years before the separation between the two countries took place the Norwegians began agitating for a University in their own country, and the plan meeting with the approbation of the then reigning King, Frederick VI., the University of Christiania was founded in 1811, three years before the Norwegians regained their independence. The present block of buildings was erected in 1841-51, and with its handsome façade forms one of the most imposing edifices of the Norwegian capital.

Every year, in September, the matriculation of the new students takes place, an event in which the public takes considerable interest. This year there was more than the ordinary excitement, owing to the first female student being admitted within the sacred precincts of the halls of Minerva. Miss Ida Cecilie Thoresen, the lady who has thus inaugurated a new era in the history of civilisation in Norway, applied already last year to be admitted to the University, but the authorities found that the existing statutes did not admit female students. Neither the University authorities nor the Government seemed to be inclined to take any steps to amend the law, but during the last Session of the Norwegian Storting, Mr. H. E. Berner, a prominent Radical, brought in a Bill for admitting females to the University, which he also succeeded in getting passed. Only one member of the National Assembly voted against the Bill—this member, strange to say, was a minister of the State Church.

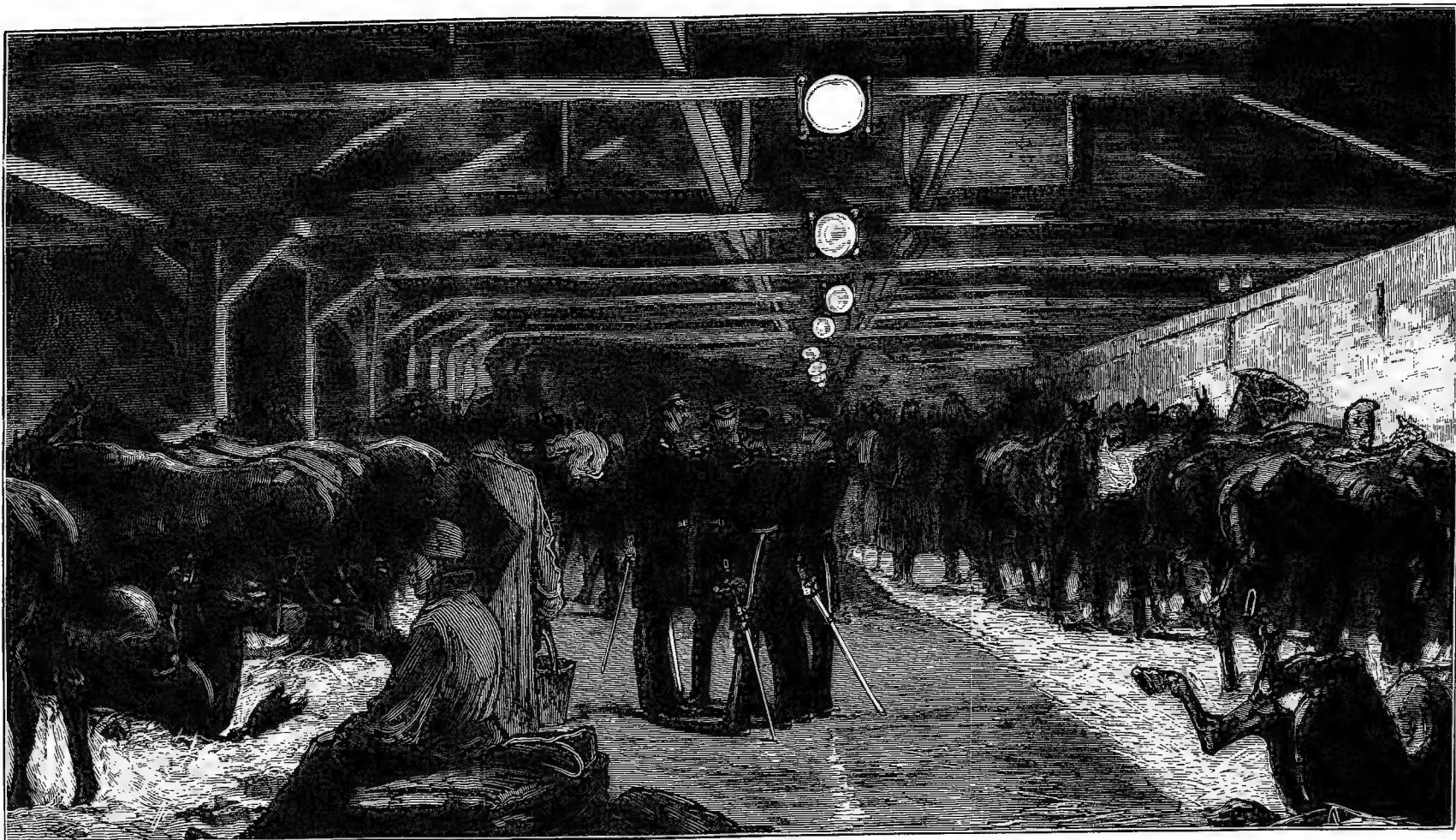
On the 8th of September last the hall of the University was crowded to excess, when 260 students and their first female colleague, who had passed a most successful examination, were present to receive their matriculation. The body of the hall was occupied by the students of 1832 and 1857, who were assembled in Christiania to celebrate their fiftieth and twenty-fifth anniversary. The gallery was principally filled with ladies, no doubt anxious to see this new champion of their sex on the high road to learning and academical honours. The proceedings were opened by a fine quartette, sung by a choir of senior students. After the inaugural address by Professor L. M. B. Aubert, the President of the Collegiate Council, the students advanced, one by one, to the rostrum to receive their academical diplomas. Our illustration represents Miss Thoresen receiving her diploma at the hands of the President. There was at this moment a general bustle and a great deal of stretching of necks all over the hall to catch a glimpse of the fair student, but no cheers or any other sign of sympathy escaped her male colleagues. At an English University a most enthusiastic reception would on a similar occasion undoubtedly have been awarded to the fair one. In the afternoon, however, a deputation from the students waited upon Miss Thoresen to congratulate her, and to welcome her amongst their ranks. She also received an invitation to the festival which the students always give on the evening of the matriculation day, but this is of such a wild and uproarious character that she very wisely excused herself from being present. In the course of the evening her health was proposed, and drank with the greatest enthusiasm.

H. L. B.

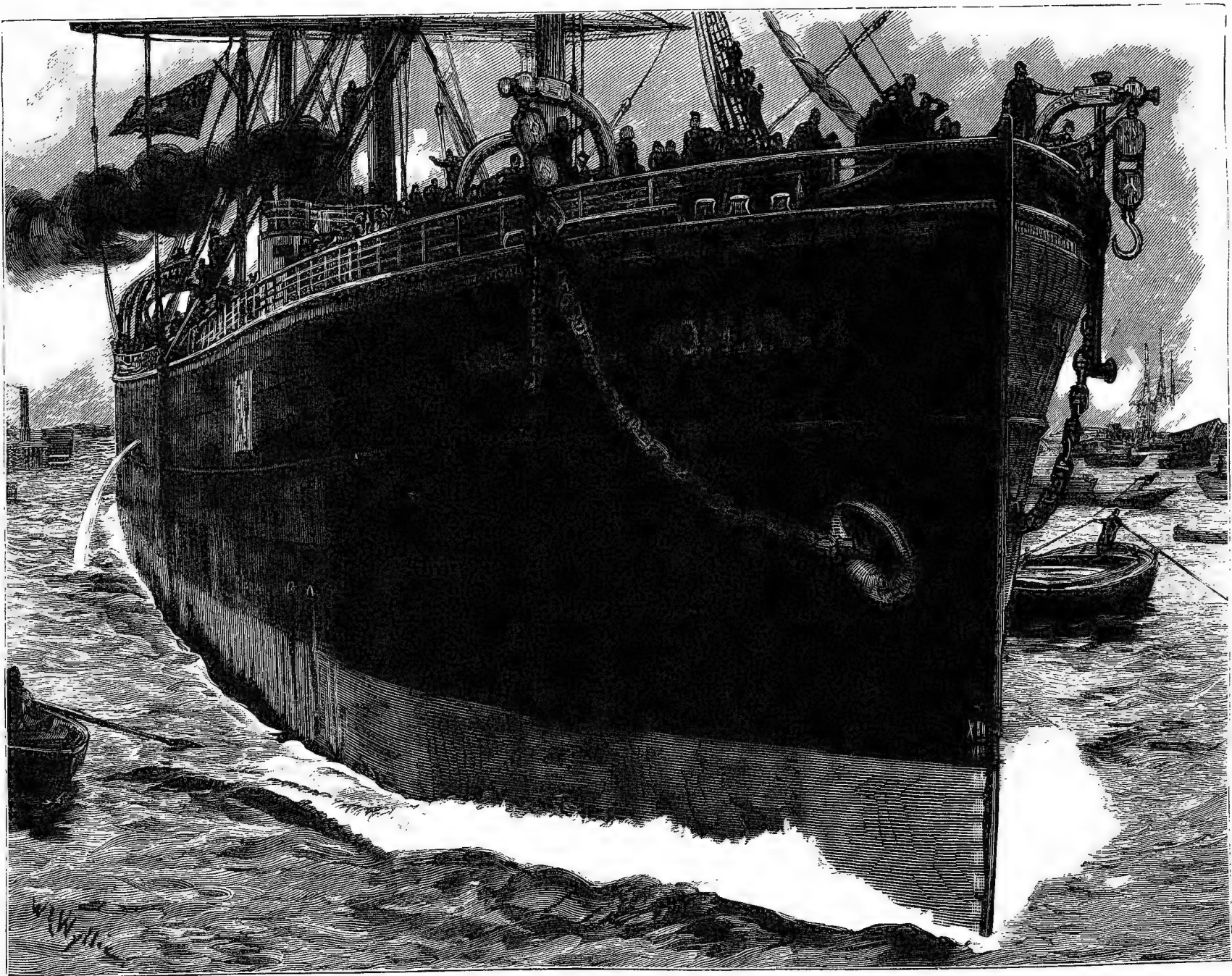


HAD Lord Beaconsfield been alive and in his place in Parliament on Tuesday night, he would have found a remarkable illustration of the truth of his favourite axiom that it is the unexpected that happens. What was expected about Tuesday night was that it would be the opening of a preliminary wrangle that would carry the House of Commons at least up to the end of the week. There were various elements confidently counted upon to bring about this catastrophe. Lord Randolph Churchill, brought back to health, was understood to be disposed to make up for lost time. Sir Stafford Northcote, urged forward by the young Lord and the numerically large section of the Conservative party of whom he is the representative, was requested to show a bold front on the Egyptian Question. Mr. Bradlaugh was looked for somewhere between the Bar and the Mace on the table, and of course there were the Irish Members. These had their particular grievance, though that was not of much consequence as far as the capacity to occupy the attention of the House

(Continued on page 462)



THE CHARGERS OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) IN THE SHED AT THE DOCKS



THE "ASSYRIAN MONARCH" COMING UP THE RIVER WITH DETACHMENTS OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AND THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE)

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

As they drew near to the hut a man in broadcloth emerged from it, smoking a cigar.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV. COOK'S CREEK

It sometimes happens, although a woman may be young and fair, agreeable to a man in many ways, and enjoying his esteem and regard, that that man says to himself, when thinking of her, "Now if there was not another woman in the world I could never marry that woman."

I doubt whether, under the same circumstances, a woman ever goes quite so far as respects one of the other sex; but a similar feeling is nevertheless experienced. She regards him readily enough as a friend, and even as a brother, but carefully abstains from picturing him to herself as a lover. Without being at all repugnant to one another, there may be something, in short, wanting in man or woman, whether it is of earthly or Divine, without which there can be no mutual flame. However warm may be the friendship between them (indeed, the greater the friendship, strange to say, the stronger is this feeling of recoil), it is never transmuted into the least atom of love.

Thus it was with Mark Medway and Trenna Garston. Thrown together early in life, they had, as children, regarded one another as brother and sister, and subsequent familiarity had only strengthened them in that relation. Mark, indeed, had only looked at one woman in his life with eyes of love, and of that, as we know, he had bitterly repented; and though Trenna was dear to him on her own account, she was dearer to him as Kit's sister, who, in his absence, as was just now the case, reminded him in her every glance and motion of his beloved friend. If Trenna, on the other hand, had been compelled to reveal what she thought of Mark, she would have confessed she liked him best as the staunch ally and admirer of her brother. She knew him, indeed, to be good, and honest, and kind, which was a sufficient passport to her affections; but he was too much of a dreamer to suit her woman's fancy. There was not enough stuff in him to make her ideal of what a man should be.

Under these circumstances, there was not the least danger in the way of flirtation in the fact of these two young people being left alone together, or in their undertaking the long and lonely walk which lay before them in each other's company. For, as Dr. Meade had said, Cook's Creek was a very out-of-the-way spot, approached by roads leading nowhere else, save to a few homesteads, and passing over desolate wolds and moors. It was more practicable in winter than in summer, for the frost made the morasses passable, and the blasts dried and withered the rank grasses, but anything more dreary and lonesome than the landscape in its February garb it was difficult to imagine. It did not rain.

but the sky was heavy and dull, and the chill wind had "built up everywhere an under-roof of doleful grey." Here and there, in some spot even more unfrequented than the rest of the way, they put up a solitary snipe, but otherwise above, around, beneath them, there was no sign of life.

"There are not many distractions hereabouts to tempt Kit's miners from their work," observed Mark, as they climbed the last treeless hill that lay between them and their journey's end. They had talked at intervals on many subjects on their way, and of course of Kit, but, as if by mutual consent, the topic of the mine had up to this moment been avoided. They had both their doubts of it; Trenna had even a secret doubt of its existence. They were like two doctors called in to consult together on some precarious case, and travelling in company, who prudently refrain from speaking on the matter in hand till they have seen the patient.

It had not been Trenna's intention to ask Mark's opinion on Kit's new venture. He had volunteered and even insisted on bearing her company to the scene of its operations, and must now needs have his say; and on the whole she was glad of it, for it would give her an opportunity, such as she could scarcely have hoped for, of giving him her views on the matter.

As regarded her own fortunes in the future, Kit was welcome to take his own way in the world, with whatever consequences it might be fraught; but she was resolutely determined that no member of that loving household at the Knoll should suffer through his recklessness or imprudence.

That "Kit's miners" in her companion's remarks jarred upon her; it seemed to imply that the whole enterprise owed its being to her brother, which, though it was only too likely that it did, she was ill-pleased should be taken for granted.

"You must remember, Mark, that Kit is less master than man here," she answered reprovingly; "it requires capital to start an undertaking of this kind, and he has no knowledge of mining matters. He must needs, therefore, be in the hands of others. It would be hard indeed to hold him responsible should the affair be a failure."

"Let us hope, however, it will not be a failure," replied Mark, cheerfully. "Here we are at the top of the hill. Now, whereabouts is the mine, I wonder."

If he expected to see chimneys and store-houses, and the whole landscape before him a human ant-hill of bustle and handiwork, he must have wondered very much.

Beneath them a valley of considerable extent sloped down to the sea. On one side of it had stood a wood, but this had been cut down (perhaps to make the ship that had never gone to sea), save a few large stumps, looking like gigantic toadstools. The earth

appeared to produce nothing but large stones, which grew very fine and large indeed when it neared the beach. In the midst of them, after much searching, the eye fell upon a little hut, from the chimney of which smoke was issuing. This was the office of the Cook's Creek Mining Company; a large black speck beside it was the mine.

"There doesn't seem to be much going on," observed Mark; "perhaps it's the dinner hour."

Trenna answered nothing; that one glance from the hill-top had been enough for her. The Cook's Creek Mine was a "a sham and a delusion," and only too probably "a snare." It bore failure upon the face of it, if that can be called failure which resulted from so impotent an attempt at success.

"Perhaps the workmen are in the mine," suggested Mark. "Perhaps," she answered wearily; "let us go down to it."

In her secret heart she began to doubt whether there *was* a mine—whether the hole was deep enough to conceal any workmen. Was it possible that a mere prospectus, however glowing, with such material as this to work upon, or to pretend to work upon, could deceive anybody? Certainly not, if any intending subscriber to the undertaking should come to look at his proposed investment with his own eyes. But *would* they come to look at it? She remembered that it was pointed out among the superior attractions of the mine that it was not in South America, as other mines were, in which the public were only too often induced to sink their hard-earned gains; but in their native land, open to the investigation of everyone. "We court investigation," said the prospectus. But how unlikely it was that the invitation should be accepted! The place was nine miles from Mogadon, and totally unknown to the majority of its inhabitants; it was three hundred miles from London, where the greater part of its "adventurers" resided. For one that would take the journey to the mine, a hundred would take the printed representations on trust. To the agricultural eye the spot was worthless; but to the commercial eye—or to that not uncommon variety of it that looks to profits without regard to principle—the situation had its advantages. It was admirably adapted for the proceedings of a bubble company.

As they drew near to the hut a man in broadcloth emerged from it, smoking a cigar. He was a tall, stout, vulgar-looking fellow, with black whiskers, which met in a "Newgate frill" under his chin. He took off his hat, in compliment, presumably, to Trenna's presence, with an exaggerated bow, as they drew near.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a pompous voice, addressing Mark, "but you are doubtless unaware that you are trespassing. This is the property of the Cook's Creek Mining Company, of which I am the humble representative."

"The engineer?" inquired Mark, with a smile he could not suppress at the idea of the right of way through such a wilderness being disputed.

"No; the local agent; my name is Archibald Martin, at your service."

"Dear me; if you had not told me that," said Mark, simply, "I could have sworn your name was Brabazon. I seem to remember you quite well at Ludlow's."

"I never was at Ludlow in my life, Mr. Medway, there must be some mistake. Perhaps you have made another in coming to the Creek for shares; that is altogether irregular; your application must be made in writing to the Directors in Lombard Street."

"We had no intention of that kind, I assure you," answered Mark, drily; "our motive, I must confess, was mere curiosity. We wished to see the works."

"At present that is impossible," returned the agent. "Everything is just now in embryo; the plant has not yet come down from London."

Trenna, who, thanks to her brother, was not altogether ignorant of slang terms, thought to herself, "There I disagree with you. If Kit was here, and an independent witness, he would be the first to recognise 'the plant' from London."

"I am sorry our visit has been paid so early," said Mark, civilly, "but we have come a long distance; I hope you will let us see what there is to be seen."

"I dare not do it, sir," exclaimed the agent, throwing up a pair of large fat hands adorned with rings, "it is contrary to orders. Any investigation of the works in their present unfinished state would give you a most unfavourable and false impression."

"There is something in that," admitted Mark, who was by no means anxious to spy out the nakedness of the land; since Kit was concerned in the undertaking he was averse to be convinced of its worthlessness; it was characteristic of him to prefer to hope for the best rather than to learn the worst.

"Perhaps if you knew my name, Mr. Martin," said Trenna, quietly, "you would reconsider your decision. I am Miss Garston, sister to Mr. Christopher Garston, who is connected with the mine, I believe."

"Indeed!" The agent looked at her with great curiosity; "so you are the Miss Trenna of whom I have often heard my friend Garston speak."

Mark turned crimson with anger; first that he should speak of Kit as his friend; secondly, that he should have addressed Kit's sister so familiarly. Of this, however, Mr. Martin perceived nothing; his eyes were rivetted upon Trenna. "To be sure," he continued, "you are as like Christopher Garston as one pea is like another. I ought to have known you for his sister at first sight." Notwithstanding his recognition of her, however, he still hesitated to comply with her request. Trenna guessed the reason; he was wondering whether she possessed her brother's confidence, whether it would be safe to show her the poor beginnings of the Cook's Creek venture.

"My brother has no secrets from me, Mr. Martin," she said smiling. "Mr. Medway, here, is his intimate friend; we are both Cornish bred, and do not expect to see in a new mine all the appurtenances of the Great Devon Consols or the Botallack."

"Well, well, if you must, you must," returned the agent; "but it's like showing you a clock without the works; there are really no works. A few men are performing the mere preliminary operations; that is all."

He led the way to the back of the hut, where a great hole was gaping; it was sunk to the depth of about thirty feet or so, where it became filled up with rubbish. "All that has to come out, of course. It will be done in a few days, as soon as the machinery arrives. The lodes are known to be very rich. The eyes of the mine have never been picked out."

Trenna knew that this was the technical expression for the lodes left in a mine, to furnish a steady supply of ore when other parts of it should prove unproductive; but Mr. Martin, she observed, used the phrase as her parrot would have done; he was evidently proud of the possession of it. "We have the eyes to begin with, till we get our ordinary output, which, it is estimated, will be enormous," he went on. Trenna nodded, but added to herself, "This is no mine. How could Kit be so foolish as to send such a man down here—with a velvet waistcoat and a gold chain, too—to play his part so ill?" Then she reflected, with a sinking of the heart, that this man's very ignorance might under some circumstances be his recommendation. Perhaps he believed in the mine, which certainly no man with any pretence to be a genuine "adventurer" would have done. He went on, with great fluency and a plausible manner, to dilate upon the prospects of the undertaking. "We have not got our staff yet, nor even our men. Those fellows yonder are marking out the site for the reverberatory furnace." He pointed to two men, with a spade and a wheel-barrow with but one leg. Trenna wondered whether that was "the old machinery," the utilisation of which had so greatly "decreased the estimate of working expenses." The men could hardly dig, the stones lay so thick in Cook's Creek, but between every other stroke had to use their pickaxes. "The reverberatory furnace, as you are doubtless aware," continued Mr. Martin, speaking like a popular lecturer, "is necessary for the deposition of the tin. Cook's Creek Mine is nominally a tin mine, but is also extraordinarily rich in copper ore. The two are commonly found in close juxtaposition, as I will presently show you. The space to the left will be occupied by an engine of 1,000-horse power. The ladders used in the old workings will be dispensed with, and their place supplied by ascending rods. That is, briefly, what is to take place. Our first output is confidently looked for in the course of a few weeks."

Mr. Martin had evidently here come to the end of his tether, and was falling back on the prospectus.

"It is all very interesting," said Mark, not knowing what else to say, and feeling exquisitely uncomfortable. He felt that there was something wrong, and trembled for Kit, who, he feared, had rashly connected himself with an enterprise about which, with all his cleverness, he must needs be technically ignorant. He knew nothing about such matters himself, but he felt it would be his duty to warn Kit. He was about to turn homeward with a sigh, when Mr. Martin beckoned them into the office, and cautiously closed the door behind them.

"Now, look here," he said, addressing himself to Mark, "I would not show these things to everybody, but only to one like you, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Garston." He pointed to a deal table, on which were various specimens of metal. "That is our black tin, and that is our white. Here, you see are great nuggets of tin and copper in conjunction. Now, you would scarcely believe that within these last few days, and with the very imperfect—um—machinery we at present possess, we have already extracted what you see here. 'Eyes,' indeed! They would make some people open their eyes and mouths too, if they could only see them. We don't want the shares to run up too quickly to a premium. 'Slow and sure,' that's our motto. I don't want to boast, but this time next year, as sure as my name is Archibald Martin, the Cook's Creek Mine shares will be higher than any in Great Britain."

"Let us hope so, at all events," replied Mark, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster. His gaze was fixed upon the ground, but Trenna, looking at the agent with fixed, incredulous eyes, beheld him, to her horror and disgust, wink at her. It was not an amorous wink; under the circumstances she would almost have preferred it to have been so; it was the sort of wink which one rogue may be supposed to give another in the presence of some yokel on whom they are together playing off some trick. It said as plainly as an

eye could speak, "If all fools were like this fool, the Cook's Creek Mine would be a fortune to you and me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TRENNA'S APPEAL

MR. ARCHIBALD MARTIN, although he was held by his admirers to be a sharp fellow, acknowledged even by his enemies to possess some cunning, and thought by himself to be an exceedingly clever man, was, as we are aware, by no means correct in his reckoning when he set down Mark Medway as a fool. He was not even right in imagining that he had imposed upon him as respected the flourishing condition of the affairs of the Cook's Creek Mining Company, though there were circumstances (quite beyond Mr. Martin's comprehension) which prompted Mark to think of them as well as he could. To have imagined that there was fraud in the matter was impossible for him, since that would have reflected upon Kit; but so much of suspicion had been aroused as moved him (as Trenna and he climbed in silence, and with desponding steps, that stony hill together) to dwell upon their late companion rather than upon the mine itself.

"That gentleman with the rings and watch chain," he presently remarked, "does not impress me favourably, Trenna."

"Nor me," was the grave rejoinder.

"I cannot dispossess myself of the impression that I have known him before, when he was not so gorgeously decorated."

"He certainly knew you, Mark, for he addressed you as 'Mr. Medway' before I mentioned your name."

"To be sure, so he did; I didn't notice that. I might, however, have been pointed out to him in Mogadion."

Trenna shook her head. "No; I observed him narrowly, and I saw it was a slip of the tongue, of which he repented the next moment. His pretence, too, of taking your 'at Ludlow's' for 'at Ludlow' was ingenious, but it was a failure. Who was this Mr. Brabazon?"

"An usher at the school. Not a very respectable person, I am sorry to say. Kit (for I was too young to be a judge of that) used to tell me as much. It was a great piece of impertinence in him, if he really is Brabazon, to call dear Kit his friend."

"Misery—that is to say poverty," observed Trenna, gravely, "makes us familiar with persons, as well as things, for whom we have little liking. That fellow would not have dared to talk as he did" (to wink as he did, was what she was saying to herself, for the humiliation of the man's having tacitly made a confidante of her, and against Mark, of all men, had wounded her to the quick), "unless he had some hold on Kit."

"Hold on him!" answered Mark, quickly, and coming to a full stop. "What do you mean, Trenna? I am quite sure that Kit has never done anything to be ashamed of, or which he fears another should speak about. The dear old fellow has his faults, perhaps" (that "perhaps" was quite touching; he seemed to apologise for admitting that his friend was human), "but they are all on the surface."

"That is true," acquiesced Trenna. "His frank speech and natural manner often cause people to misjudge him."

"Of course they do," replied Mark, enthusiastically. "He carries his heart on his sleeve; that is why, though they are far from being daws, the Doctor and Mr. Penryn have never appreciated him. The idea of Kit's having a secret belonging to him is preposterous; he would tell it to the first person he met, or if he met nobody, to the parrot."

"Still, my dear Mark, he may have secrets which are not his own, and which this man shares with him. We are quite certain that it is not friendship that has drawn them together."

"Secrets? What secrets?"

"Well, you must not suppose that I wish to say anything against dear Kit, but these speculations are so different from ordinary schemes. Every device is used to inflate them; things are put forward to enhance their value to the public which ought not to have that effect at all."

"Yes, yes," admitted Mark, striking the pebbles impatiently with his stick.

"And what is worse, things are kept back. When a man finds himself committed to a scheme of this sort he scarcely knows where to stop as regards keeping silence."

"I understand that," said Mark. "There is a certain *esprit de corps* which makes a partisan of him. He doesn't see what is objectionable as an outsider does, or he takes rose-coloured views of it. It is wrong in one sense, but to some extent he is driven to it; *noblesse oblige*."

Trenna looked at him with softened eyes. It moved her to hear this man, himself the very soul of honour, and who would, on the very instant of detecting it, have proclaimed the falsehood of any scheme with which he had been himself connected, from the house-tops, thus making excuses beforehand for the possible frailty of his friend.

"Just so, dear Mark; there are of course degrees of wrong doing, of omission and commission; when that man yonder, for example, affirmed that before the year was out the shares of his mine would be at as high a premium as those of any in Great Britain, he told a gratuitous and superfluous lie."

"Nay, he said he was as sure of it as that his name was Archibald Martin, that was all," observed Mark slyly. The remark was more characteristic of Kit than of himself; but the fact was, as Trenna guessed, that Mark just now preferred not to be serious in order to escape from certain considerations, which, though he affected to treat them lightly, gave him grave discomfort and concern.

"My dear Mark," she rejoined, earnestly, "you cannot suppose that this topic is welcome to me; in any other case but yours, indeed, I should say that it must needs be much more painful to me than to you, but you love Kit so dearly that I am not even sure of that. It is solely for your sake, and for the sake of those dear to you (though hardly less dear to me) that I pursue it. There is no knowing to what lengths this *esprit de corps* (as you charitably term it) of dear Kit's may lead him. It is possible he may have persuaded himself that this scheme is a sound one; a staff to trust to, instead of a sharp reed that will wound the hand of any one who leans on it; and if so convinced, he may use his wondrous powers of persuasion to convince others. I entreat you not to listen to him, charm he ever so wisely. Mark, Mark," here she seized his wrist, and confronted him with entreating eyes, "I implore it."

"My dear Trenna, do not fear," he answered, smiling. "The risk has been run, if there was any risk, and is over. It is not a week ago since I offered him all the assistance—not much, goodness knows—which I could give him in this very enterprise; and he refused it."

"Thank Heaven, thank Heaven for that," exclaimed Trenna, earnestly.

"It is quite right to be thankful for even the smallest mercies," said Mark, coldly. "But really to hear you talk, Trenna, and if I didn't know both him and you—one would think your brother was a robber."

Trenna turned deadly pale. It was so terrible to her to hear such loving trust misplaced that she shrank from the contradiction that was expected of her.

"If he were," she said, quickly, and with a forced smile, "he would rob all the world round before he robbed you. No, Mark, of course he would never designedly injure you or yours. But he might do so undesignedly, and even under the impression that he was doing you a benefit. There is something in the Bible against being surety even for a friend; I used to know it once."

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," put in Mark, still highly displeased. "I have heard all about that from Kit, and it is the only matter on which he and I ever had any serious disagreement."

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

is good advice in my opinion."

"It may be so," she answered with a sigh, "though my days, Heavens knows, could hardly have been called melodious. But we wander from the point, as the cook said to the eel she was skinning. I say that when Solomon wrote against surety-ship he had had no experience of an unlimited company, or he would have expressed himself even more strongly. I know little of these things, but I know that. You say you had not much to offer him. I tell you that to risk a hundred pounds in such an enterprise as that of Cook's Creek would be as disastrous as to risk ten thousand."

"My dear Trenna, you must be the writer of the 'City' article in the *Mogadion Gazette*," returned Mark smiling. "You talk like a b'ok—the 'Ready Reckoner'."

"Mark, Mark," she cried, wringing her hands in piteous entreaty, "for the sake of all you hold dear on earth do not treat this matter lightly."

"But, my dear Trenna," he answered gently, "have I not already told you that Kit has refused my aid?"

"Then promise me you will not offer it again."

"Very good, I do promise it."

"And that if he asks you for pecuniary help—notwithstanding that he has already declined it—promise me also that you will deny him."

"Nay, that is too much, my purse is my friend's, and so far as it will stretch—"

"I mean, of course," she interrupted, "as far as regards this particular purpose. You may give him all you have and get off cheaply in comparison with putting your name on paper in connection with this scheme. Promise me—upon your word and honour—that you will never do that."

"Really, Trenna," he hesitated, "you are very hard on me, and harder still on Kit."

"Promise me—see, there is the pony carriage with your mother and Maud, promise before they come up; if you do not, so sure as I am a living woman, I will appeal to them to save you from yourself and them from you. Promise me, I say."

The earnestness and fervour in her face were amazing to witness; it was plain enough that if he refused her she would keep her word.

"Well, well; then I do promise it, Trenna. I will have no hand in this mine either literally or metaphorically; though I do think you are very hard on Kit. I don't mean that of course," he added hastily, for to his alarm and astonishment she had burst into a passion of tears.

"Don't be angry with me, Trenna, of course I know you love him."

"I am not angry with you, Mark," she sobbed, "I am more thankful to you than words can say; and as to Kit, the day will come when, looking on those dear ones yonder, you will bless me for having been so 'hard upon him,' and when Kit will bless me too."

(To be continued)



MR. E. JENKINS'S "Jobson's Enemies" (3 vols.: Strahan and Co.), sets out with much promise of strength and interest: but we imagine that few readers will escape from a sense of weariness and disappointment long before reaching the close. Nevertheless, at no point can the novel be called otherwise than clever, especially when Mr. Jenkins drops out of his determination to be "smart" or forgets to be bitter. For "Jobson's Enemies" somehow conveys the impression, however falsely, of having been written under a sense of personal injury. The author has taken the grievances of his unfortunate hero too deeply to heart, and has made them too much his own. Jobson is a man with aspirations too lofty and with an intellect too profound for his age—he is a giant born into a world of dwarfs, and has to go down before the numerical preponderance of malice and stupidity. His speeches in Parliament are too brilliant to be comprehended, and, when on the eve of being appointed Solicitor-General, he is crushed by a libellous paragraph in the *Morning Post*, inserted by an unscrupulous journalist with whom he had quarrelled at school. His wife is estranged from him through a book of his which gave offence in religious circles. Finally he is cheated and betrayed in a monetary speculation, becomes bankrupt, and dies under the pressure of his many troubles. Whether the stupidity complained of is altogether on the world's side is open to question. Probably, even in the enlightened future, men who play their cards badly will have to go to the wall. By far the most interesting and attractive part of the novel is the opening portion, which deals with life and politics in Canada some forty or more years ago. Worth ten of the more serious characters is the shoemaker who set up for a man of great learning on the strength of a chaotic acquaintance with the Bible, an encyclopædia, and Lemprière, with the most startling results upon his speeches and conversations. On examination it will be found that, whenever the interest of "Jobson's Enemies" collapses, it is when Mr. Jenkins is in earnest. When he indulges in frank caricature, he is more amusing than it is usually his lot to be.

Unless for the express purpose of destroying an unoffending heroine, there is little reason why Catherine Childar should have called "Daisy Beresford" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) into being. It is sometimes necessary, and indeed artistically laudable, to kill the most innocent of heroines, but there is none for drowning poor Daisy, except to save a gipsy's prediction from being unverified. And on the other hand one cannot help suspecting that the gipsy was made to prophesy in order that Daisy might be drowned. What inexcusably bad art this is, from the lowest as well as from the highest point of view, Catherine Childar will easily learn from a very slight consideration of the laws by which tragedy always has been and always will be governed. Nor is it quite clear whether the gipsy element was introduced to give colour to the story, or whether the story was written to introduce the results of a respectable acquaintance with modern gipsy literature. It is a little curious that any student of Mr. Leland, and therefore, it is to be presumed, of other authors in the same field, should keep up the old melodramatic traditions of a people whose life behind the scenes has by this time been so completely laid open. However, the gipsy of fiction and the drama is too useful a personage to be lightly set aside, and if "Daisy Beresford" had only been a strong romance instead of being, in all essentials, a very average and unnecessary love story, the old impossibilities would have been welcome for the thousandth time. As it is, the novel is not satisfactory enough to be able to dispense with a satisfactory end.

The author of "Proper Pride" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), does not appear to have set out with a very clear conception of his, or her, own purpose. Such pride as is exercised is the ordinary stubbornness of two parties to a misunderstanding, and it is difficult to gather whether the epithet "proper" is used seriously or sarcastically. It must be owned that the misunderstanding used on

the present occasion for keeping the married lovers apart for three volumes' length is less shadowy than usual. A forged entry in a marriage register, though particularly purposeless, is at any rate something tangible. People supposed to be reasonable are—in fiction at least—forced assunder, as a rule, by much more shadowy things. Only the miscomprehension business has now been done so many hundred times that it is scarcely worth an author's while to invent characters for the purpose of making them undergo the same familiar process again. Nevertheless, "Proper Pride" is not unlikely to be popular. It is profoundly sentimental, and takes the most serious possible view of those accidental or perverse misunderstandings which form the favourite excitement of so many otherwise uneventful lives.

"The New Clarissa," a novel, translated from the French of Lord Monroe (1 vol. : Remington and Co.), deals with a subject eminently unsuited for the pages of a story. The dangers incurred by English girls who rashly accept engagements as governesses, &c., abroad, without sufficient enquiry, are treated in such a manner as to make it impossible for the reader to distinguish between fact and fiction. Indeed the only possible effect of "The New Clarissa," which is obviously written very much in earnest, will be to throw the suspicion of romantic over-colouring over all its assertions. The whole topic is so nauseous as to unfit it for the hands into which, since it is obviously meant to warn, it must be intended to fall. From every point of view the best that can be said of the volume is that it is overflowing with good intentions. Nor will those who like to read of what are called "strong" subjects for mere amusement find "The New Clarissa" in any degree to their liking. The story is happily just as incapable in this respect as it is for the good purposes which it evidently labours to achieve. How far even the origin of the story, as stated on the title page, be meant for fact or fiction, seems purposely intended, for some entirely unintelligible reason, to remain unanswered.

"A GLASS OF WINE?"

SOME years since, in an essay on "The Art of Dinner Giving," Sir Arthur Helps denounced the modern method of entrusting the care of the wine to the waiters, and advocated the cutting down of the toasts to be proposed at dessert. Why, he asked, should all public dinners be regulated on the same basis of "speechification?" He desired the consolidation of after-dinner orations, and the reduction of the toast to some four or five: a loyal toast, "The Queen and the rest of the Royal Family;" a business toast, "the toast of the evening;" some other toast appropriate to the occasion, with a speech perhaps from some very eminent person who might chance to be present; and finally the health of the Chairman. As a general rule he would have abolished all toasts connected with the Legislature, including, presumably, the Church, "our brave defenders," the Army, Navy, and the Volunteers; and even the Ladies. Of music, except during dinner time, he would have none. It was his object to limit the duration and the tediousness, the fatigue, the weariness, and the social suffering of public dinners.

The old fashion of "taking wine together" he held to be of peculiar advantage in "shy England." He was astounded that so excellent a custom had been permitted to fall into disuse. An invitation to a glass of wine at dinner had very often proved to be a great overcomer of social difficulties, an overture of good-fellowship and reconciliation, a restorer of friendship and intimacy. He pronounced the man who should revive "taking wine together" a public benefactor, for whom, after his death, a tomb should be provided in Westminster Abbey, bearing a simple inscription to the effect that he was "the man who had reinstated the ancient and laudable practice of drinking wine together at dinner in England."

Thackeray, it may be noted, wrote at an earlier date concerning "Some Old Customs of the Dinner-Table," when the plan of taking wine with one's neighbour was still extant, though evidently on the decline. He found that "wisely it was not so much indulged in as of yore;" yet it obtained, and he trusted it would never be abolished. In the character of Mr. Brown the Elder he was addressing the readers of *Punch* by means of letters to his adolescent nephew, Bob Brown. He admitted that it was "an insupportable *corvée*," when Mr. and Mrs. Fogey had sixteen friends to dinner, for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine and a painful task for Mrs. Fogey to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen who desired to have the honour to drink her health; nevertheless he maintained that "employed in moderation the ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink was a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results." He mentions that ladies were seldom asked to take wine—that part of the practice had already passed away, or was only exceptionally resorted to, when, as he pleasantly says, "in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner you humbly ask permission to pledge her and she delicately touches her glass with a fascinating smile in reply to your glance—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart!" To hosts whose conversational powers were not brilliant, or who wisely held their tongues because they had nothing to say, the practice of inviting their guests to take wine should certainly be permitted. Nay, he argued, they should be encouraged to adopt that course of action. And he puts the case of Jones, who, perfectly mute throughout his meal, oppressed perhaps by the awfulness of Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, and singling out his old friend Brown, at the other end of the table, cries to him with a loud cheering voice, "Brown, my boy, a glass of wine?" Brown replies, "With pleasure, my dear Jones." Jones rejoins, as quick as thought, "Shall it be hock or champagne, Brown?" Brown mentions the wine he prefers. Jones calls to his butler: "Champagne or hock (as the case may have been) to Mr. Brown." And finally Jones says "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. "Thus," observes Mr. Brown, by way of pointing the moral of his story, "Jones, though not a conversationalist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which if not brilliant or witty are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion."

But the opportunity for Jones's four observations, whose value Mr. Brown perhaps a little overrated, has now altogether departed. Mr. Brown was writing of things as they existed nearly forty years ago. The *diner à la Russe* was then little known in England. The waiters of those days had fewer duties to discharge: they were not required to carve, they had fewer glasses to fill. The table decorations were the food that was to be consumed, the plates and dishes, the knives and forks, china and glass. People took pride in the exhibition of their burnished dish-covers. Flowers were wholly absent; fruit was only visible in what was thought to be its due season, the period of dessert. The host carved, receiving assistance from certain of the guests before whom the side-dishes were placed. Even the hostess was supposed to be equal to the dismemberment of poultry and the distribution of pastry, although it was permitted her to seek assistance in the matter of the gentleman who had conducted her to the table. The soup and fish entered together, but parted to occupy the ends of the table. The hostess helped the soup; the host carved the fish—which had been allowed time to grow somewhat cold and sodden during the consumption of the soup. Indeed, very arduous duties devolved upon the host: to watch the plates about him and make sure that none were left unsupplied—to keep his eyes upon his guests, anticipate their tastes and needs, and punctually appease their appetites. The wines were placed upon the table, pint decanters of sherry taking as it were a line formation in front of the

diners. The gentlemen helped themselves and the ladies about them, the operation being preceded by the invitation to take wine. It was only by giving or receiving such an invitation that a glass of wine could be legitimately obtained. The moment had its solemnity. Jones might address Brown with brisk cheeriness on such a subject; but with less intimate persons the case was different. The gravest courtesy characterised the manner of the invitation; it was accepted in a like spirit. There was an awful pause the while the decanter was taken possession of, and the glasses filled; then came the interchange of a serious and significant bow; the wine was sipped, and the performance, it had almost the air of a religious service, came to its natural conclusion—to be resumed presently with another co-operator. For wine was "taken" but once with the same person.

In those days people "saw their dinner," as the phrase was. The table was heavily laden with it. No *menu* was provided; little was left to the imagination, however; function was not "smothered in surmise." Dinners did not vary much. The diner-out, knowing the season of the year, knew almost to a certainty the dinner that would be set before him. Smith invited his friends to much the same kind of repast as Jones spread upon his mahogany when it was his turn to be hospitable. The dinner was very much the same, though the names of the hosts might vary, and be, as Sergeant Buzfuz suggested, "Noakes or Stokes, or Stiles, or Brown or Thompson." "Everybody has the same dinner in London," wrote Brown the Elder; "the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrées*, champagne, and so forth. . . . I have seen the mahoganies of many men." And "the mahogany" was not then a mere figure of speech; it was a visible thing. The table of to-day may be of the plainest deal for all the diner knows to the contrary; it is never seen undraped. In Mr. Brown's time the table was studied as it were from the nude. The removal of the damask cloth, the lifting of it high above heads of the diners, or the drawing it off at one end of the table, as though it were a fishing net with a shoal of fish,—what an important proceeding it was! Clearly no system of table decoration could have survived it. The very lights, the branching silver candlesticks had to be carried away or raised for a while to allow of the deportation of the cloth. Then was revealed the shining polished surface of the mahogany. What labour had been expended in bringing it to that state of perfection! How much of that homely lubricant, known as "elbow-grease!" How the gleaming table mirrored and duplicated every article upon it,—the silver and glass, the rosy wines, the luscious fruits! What fears prevailed lest scratches should mar the smoothness of the plane! The decanters were moved about in silver stands based upon soft baize or velvet. The d'oyley—it was usually a double-folded square of a check pattern, the colours being purple and red and light blue—had then its proper uses: it protected the table from being scratched by the wine-glasses or the dessert-plate.

But were the dinners of the past so much to be preferred to the dinners of the present? Was the old custom of taking wine with one's neighbour so very admirable?—is its abolition very much to be regretted? Only the middle-aged, the experienced, are qualified to answer such inquiries. And to many it must occur that after all things are very well as they are; that the dinner-table in its present state of organisation is prettier, daintier, more picturesque, and more comfortable than it used to be. The elegancies of life have advanced and increased, and what are known as "the pleasures of the table" have undergone ameliorating and refining influences. The shy or retiring guest, the unskilled carver had his trials under the old system of things. He was wont to shiver at the thought that some unfamiliar dish might be set before him to dispense, exposing the while his ignorance and clumsiness as a cutter-up of meats. And many a young diner, shrinking from the sound of his own voice, has been content to see his glass empty rather than submit to the inevitable tax upon its replenishment, and boldly invite the strange lady in the next chair, or even the friendly gentleman opposite to him, to "take wine" with him.

Of toasts and sentiments and after-dinner speeches there is something to be said. These subjects, however, must remain for consideration upon some future occasion.

D. C.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Both words and music of five songs are by H. Croft Hiller. "Hearts" is a song of medium compass, the words and music are fairly good; "Nothing But a Dream" is the pathetic plaint of a tenor, whose lost love is supposed to be watching over him from the skies; of the same sentimental type, albeit more cheerful, is a baritone song, "A Wanderer Far by Land and Sea," lively and spirited. Suitable for an encore at a Penny Reading or People's Concert are: "Dan Cupid," for a soprano; and "Dolly's Wooers," for a mezzo-soprano.—A simple little Scotch song, words by Robert Burns, music by E. D. Perrott, is "Wae is My Heart." It is melodious and pathetic; compass from F first space to the octave above.—Tennyson's quaint poem, "The Poet's Song," has been pleasingly set to music by Hope Temple; this ballad is of medium compass.—"Not Once or Twice" is the name of a pretty poem by Dorothy Bloomfield, set to music by F. Neale. This is a pleasing song for the drawing-room.—Merry words, set to a suitable melody, are united in "Hay-making," written and composed by Percy Vere and Sir F. W. Brady, Bart.—Glover's "Galop di Bravura," for the pianoforte; "Victoire, a Grand Galop Militaire," by P. von Tugginer; and "Fantaisie Militaire," by Lillie Albrecht, are three very showy and brilliant after-dinner pieces.

W. CZERNY.—"The Holy Night in Bethlehem," music by Edouard Lassen, has already won a well-merited reputation. It is arranged in a variety of forms,—as a part-song for two voices, a "Pastorale" for the pianoforte alone, and with a violin or flute accompaniment.—Nos. I., II., and III. of W. Czerny's "Collection of Two-Part Songs" are published in a very convenient form for the home circle and choral societies; they are respectively, "So Bright and Clear," adapted from Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*; "Smiling May" (J. B. Wekerlin); and "Faces Young and Fair" (Franz Abt).—"The Bridegroom and His Bride" (St. Agnes' Eve), a mystic poem, by Tennyson, has been dramatically set to music by J. Hart Gordon; but before the eight pages have come to an end the audience will begin to yawn,—such lengthy songs are a great mistake.—The "Hunyádi László March" has been effectively arranged as a duet for the pianoforte. It is to be regretted that so few instrumental duets are published. Wilhelm Czerny is quite an adept at arranging duets in an easy form.—"Dreaming Flowers" is a smoothly-written and melodious pianoforte piece by Gustav Lange.

ALFRED HAYS.—From hence come six vocal compositions, music by "Fiorenza." "Our Bark is Gaily Bounding," for three female voices, a pretty and tuneful composition; "As I Wandered in a Garden," a somewhat commonplace ballad, as easy to learn as to forget; and "La Zingara," a very pleasing song, with Italian words, of medium compass; together with "Sweet Robin and the Maiden," the poetry taken from the "Babes in the Wood," or rather, we should say, the idea is. For the above four songs the composer has written the words. "The Troubadour" (*Il Trovatore*) is a cheerful song of medium compass, with English and Italian

words by Giovanni Berchet. Last and most original of the group is "All Glorious the Sunny Glade;" the poetical words are by Leader Scott.



Not quite *pari passu* with the "Imperial Dictionary" goes on "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell and Co.); indeed, as Vol. II. only takes us half way through C, the work is a long way from completion. It is a pity that works of this kind overlap one another; but we have no Academy in England, and every publishing firm will, of course, try to make its own book the most complete. Derivation is, perhaps, the speciality of Messrs. Cassell's dictionary; but its comprehensiveness may be inferred from the article *camp*, under which are given pictures of a British and a Roman camp, and also an account of the arrangements of a "modern British camp." It is very difficult to separate technical and scientific from general terms; but still crude Greek words like "calymene" and "calyptoblastic" might advantageously be relegated to an appendix. Such an arrangement would vastly increase the value of the dictionary as a general book of reference.

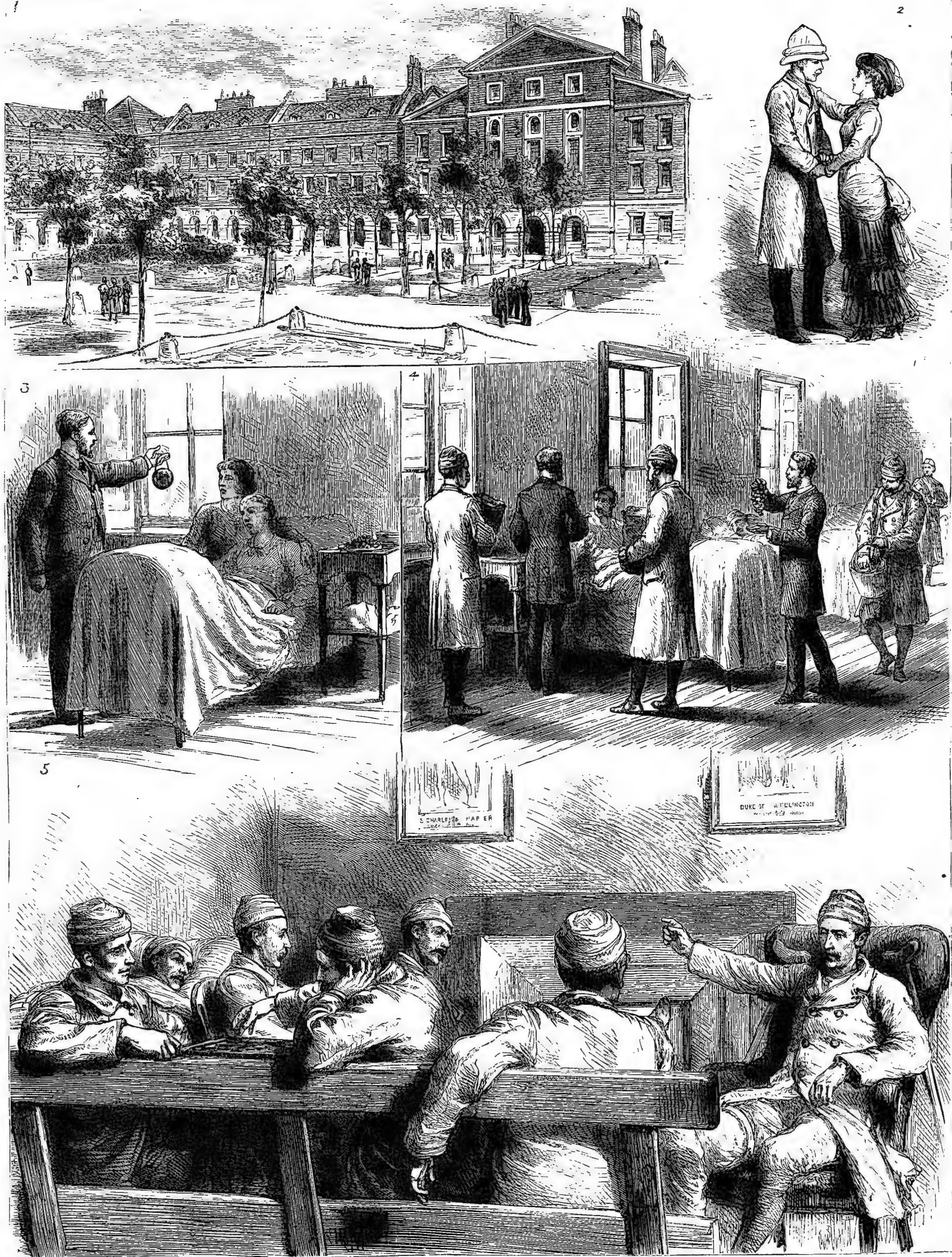
"Old and New Edinburgh" (Cassell) has reached its second volume. Mr. Grant's subject is a delightful one, for no city in our islands (not even the metropolis) offers so much scope for anecdote as well as for illustration. The letterpress is singularly interesting, bringing us on almost every page into the company of some famous man or woman. Craig's plan for New Edinburgh, which stamped on it that geometrical regularity which savours of modern America, is very curious. The main street was to have been called after St. Giles; but George III., who knew nothing of Scotch patron saints, but had heard of Seven Dials, cried: "Hey! hey! what? what? Never do; never do," and so St. Giles's became Prince's. Edinburgh is still a capital; but one can scarcely say now what Voght of Hamburg said in 1795: "What makes society so attractive is the crowd of academically instructed Scots, who have been long in the East and West Indies, and have returned to their chief city." Such men nowadays rather go southward. The illustrations (not always new) are good, and make us hope that Edinburgh will be as careful as Brussels as going to be of its old bits of picturesque.

The third volume of "Gladstone and his Contemporaries" (Blackie) ends with the great Budget speech of 1860. It begins with a sketch of the prosperity which ushered in the Session of 1853. The intervening period is one of the most eventful in our annals, and Mr. Archer has no difficulty in rivetting the reader's attention from the first page to the last. His book does a great deal more than fulfil the promise of its title. It is not a mere collection of biographies, but a graphic history of the time, carefully filled in in the minutest details. Such half-forgotten episodes as the escape of Meagher of the Sword and the trial of Dr. Achilli are quite as worthy of being preserved as the minutæ of the Crimean campaign. Mr. Archer is always impartial, but he generally lets us see how his sympathies go. Thus, in spite of the verdict, he believes Achilli to have been a scoundrel; and he notes that Meagher kept the letter of his ticket-of-leave by sending back the ticket before he attempted to escape. It is as curious to find the gentle, cautious Maurice spoken of as head of "the advanced school in the Church" as it is to read of Bishop Wilberforce in the consecration sermon insisting on the certainty of Bishop Colenso's call. This volume might almost be called a history of Lord Palmerston, so constantly is he before the reader, at one time scolding the Scotch for wishing to pray publicly against the cholera, at another charged with fostering the scandals against the Prince Consort, at another urging on the war with Russia. Including as it does the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, it is (as we said) a volume of exceptional and absorbing interest.

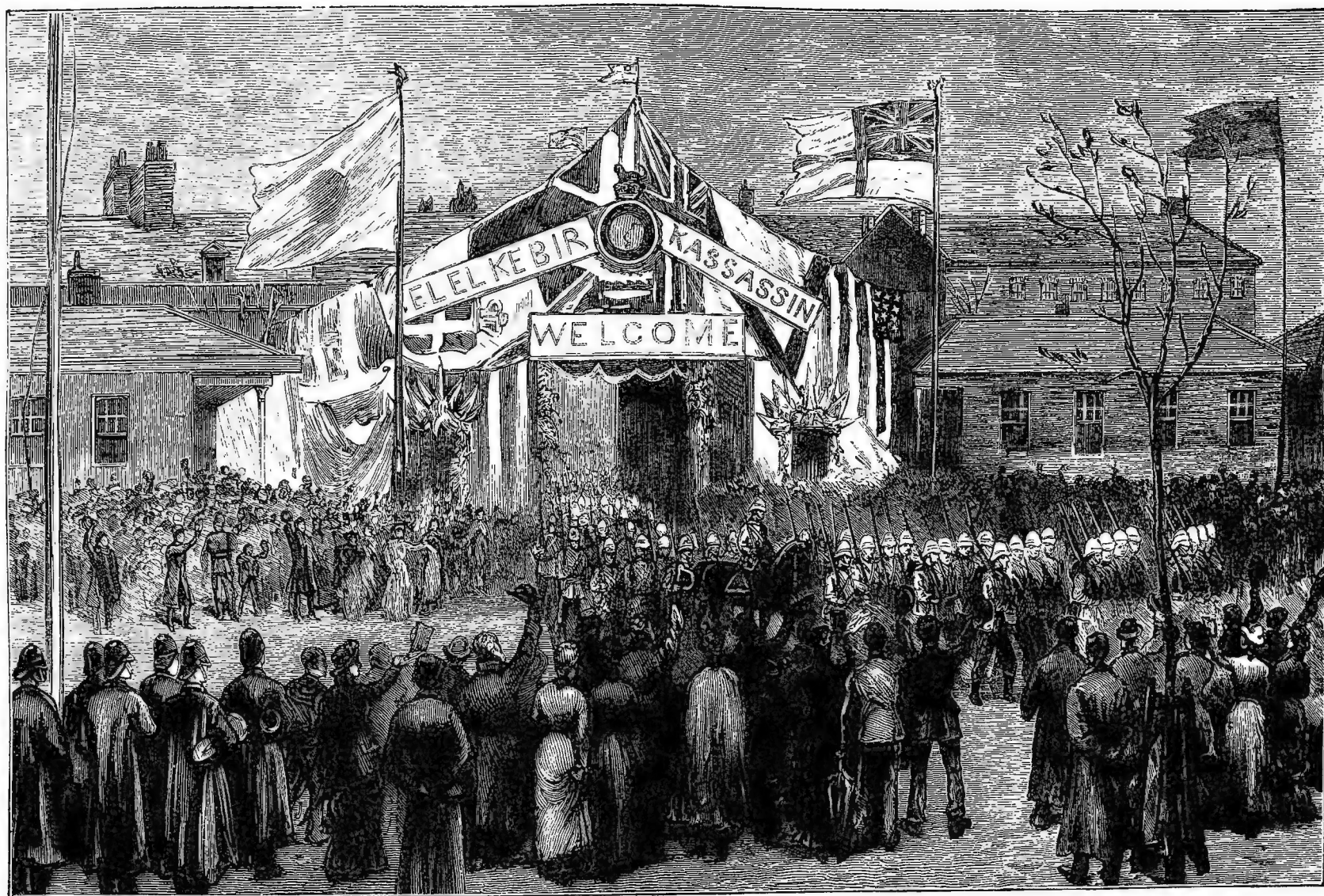
It was very unfortunate that, thinking as she did about slavery, Frances Anne Kemble should have married a slaveowner. With her domestic troubles the public has no concern; but we can quite understand that, with her views, expressed as she expressed them, she must have appeared to her American connections "nothing but a mischievous madwoman." Apart, however, from any of the reasons which led her to drop the name of Butler, "Records of Later Life" are full of interest. It could not be otherwise. The writer mixed in that society which was intellectually as well as conventionally best. Rogers, Sydney Smith, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Berry, Charles Greville, Mrs. Somerville, Lord and Lady Dacre, and that Lady Holland whose strangely unpleasant ways the world put up with for her husband's sake, are a few of those with whom these three volumes bring us in contact. We do not think there is a bit too much of these "Records," for Mrs. Butler's mind is worth analysing, and in her letters to her sisters she turns herself completely inside out. She has the strong self-appreciation of her family, and her squabbles with Macready when she went on the stage in 1848 are most amusing. Her account of her Shakespearean readings is instructive; she notes bitterly the difference between an English audience, which must be amused, and a German, which is willing to take its amusements in earnest. A pleasanter book for an autumn evening we can scarcely imagine—for the old it will recall the memories of half a century ago; to the young it will give an insight into the ways of cultured people of the last generation on both sides of the Atlantic.

The eighth edition of "The Prayer-Book, its History, Language, and Contents" (Wells Gardner), furnishes a measure of the growth of that intelligent Church feeling which, in towns at least, is superseding the unquestioning orthodoxy of the days before Darwin. When Scientists have so much to say for themselves it is natural that Church people should like also to give an account of their distinctive tenets. Mr. Evan Daniel brings to his work the well-polished keenness of a T.C.D. Senior Moderator. Theology has always been more systematically taught at Dublin than at the English Universities. Sometimes we think him wrong, as when in the words of the Litany, "by the Mystery of Thy Cross," &c., he repudiates the explanation: "we implore Thee by the remembrance of," &c., and holds that it is "a truer view to regard each separate act of Our Lord's life as having a meritorious efficacy of its own." Very instructive is his comparison between the different Prayer-Books, and also his brief history of the Athanasian Creed contains a useful summary of heresies; but the pleasantest part of the book is the Calendar, giving a few lines about each of the black-letter days. We wish he had explained how it comes to pass that in our Calendar British, Irish, and even Saxon saints have so largely got superseded by Roman. The work is an excellent text-book for Confirmation and for those Prayer-Book classes which are now so general in most Dioceses.

Senhores Capello and Ivens, of the Portuguese Navy, have far from equalled the fame of Livingstone or Cameron. Starting from the West Coast, they did not get further than the 20th meridian of East longitude. In fact, their route was to some extent marked out for them, to survey, viz., the Cuango, and to compare the basins of the Congo-Zaire and the Zambesi. The first of these tasks they accomplished, pushing on some 2,500 miles through what Stanley calls the most pestilential regions in Africa, their marching orders not allowing them to keep the high and comparatively healthy table-land. Illness, however, they seem to have wholly escaped;



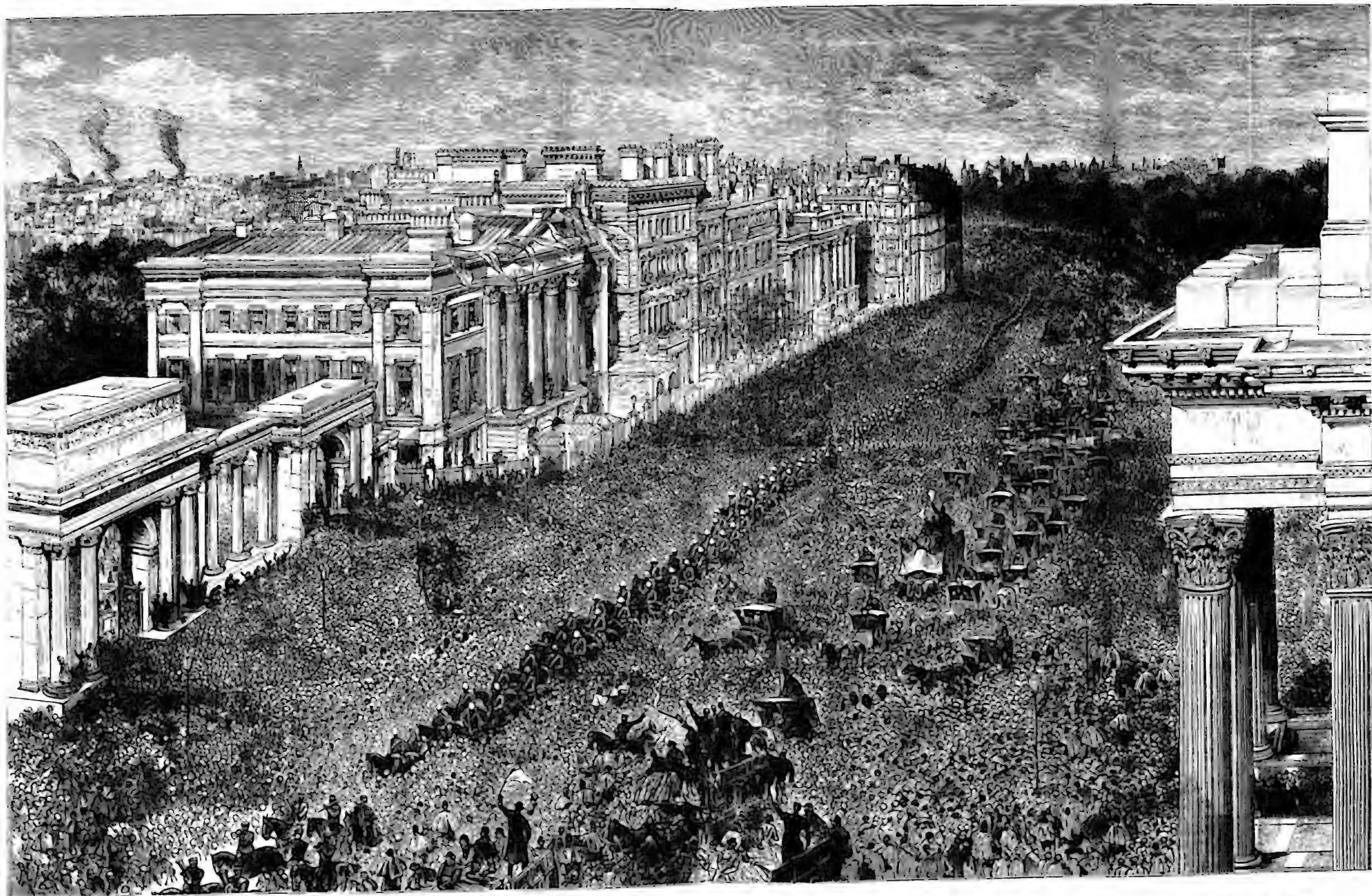
1. The Quadrangle.—2. Recovered.—3. The Boy who Brought Home the Cannon Ball.—4. Distributing Grapes and Tobacco.—5. Old Fights and New Battles.
THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—THE WOUNDED IN HASLAR HOSPITAL



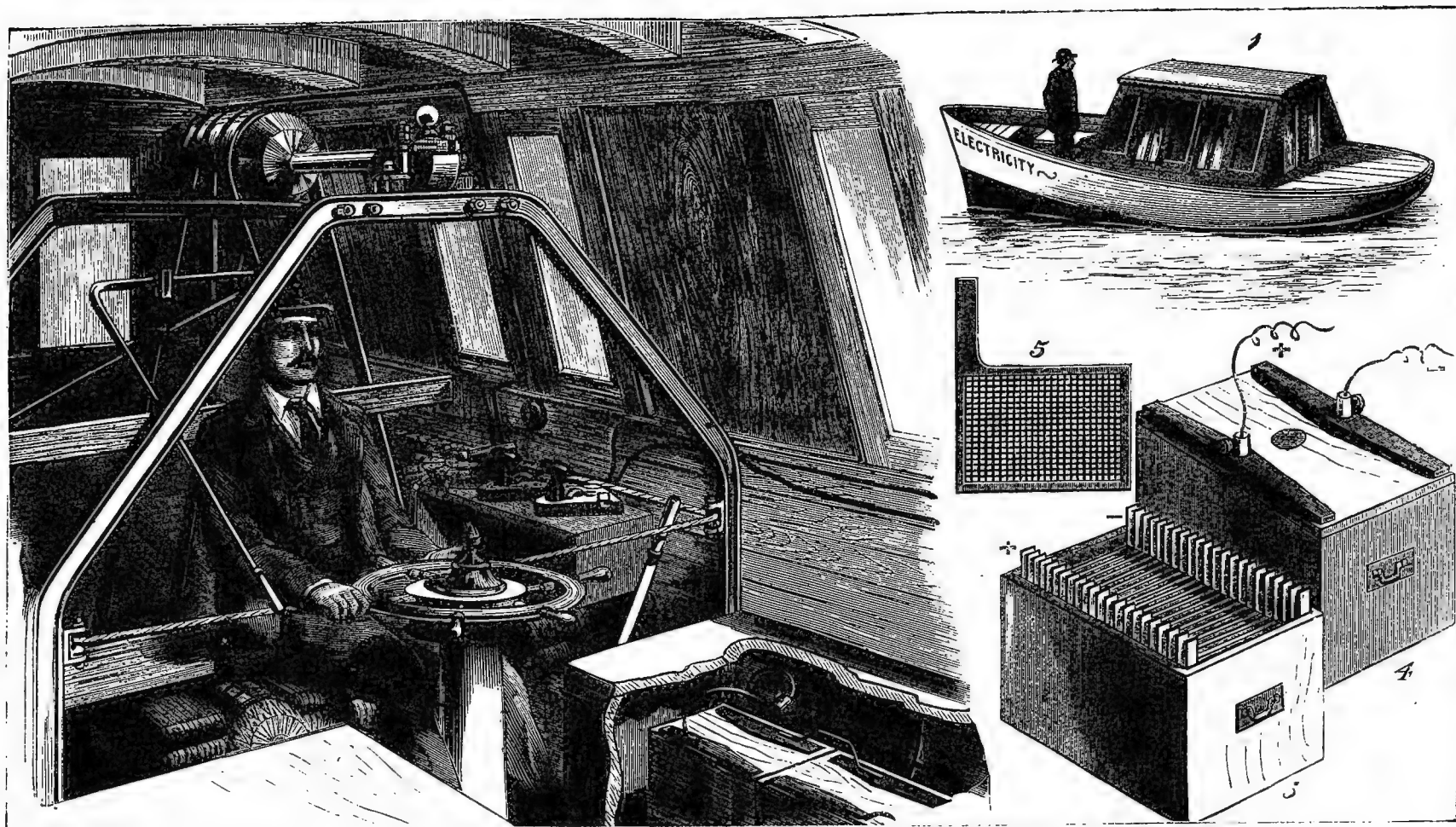
THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL MARINES AT CHATHAM



THE BANQUET AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS—CHAIRING COLONEL TALBOT
THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT

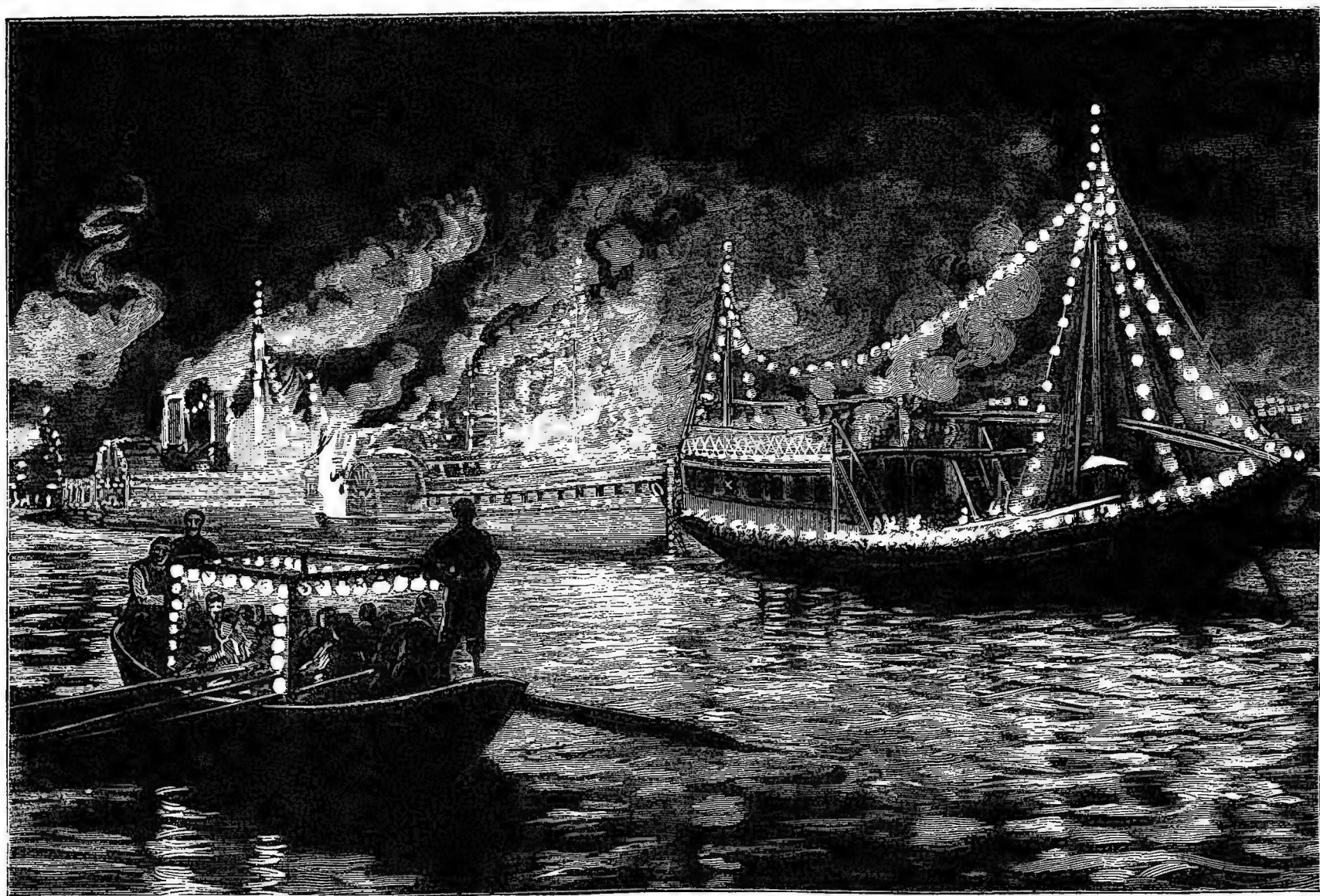


THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS PASSING HYDE PARK CORNER ON THE MARCH FROM THE DOCKS TO KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS



1. View of Boat.—2. Interior of Cabin, showing arrangement of driving and steering. The wheel for steering is in the centre. The lever on the man's right is for reversing. The lever on his left is for starting and stopping. The switches with black handles are for connecting the secondary Batteries with the two Siemens' dynamo machines. The seat is broken so as to show the mode of stowing away the secondary Batteries.—3. A secondary Battery with lead plates ready to be fastened up.—4. A secondary Battery, with the lid fixed on, and with two lead plates on the top connecting the negative and positive poles of the plates inside the Battery.—5. One of the lead plates of the Battery.

THE NEW ELECTRIC BOAT "ELECTRICITY," RECENTLY SUCCESSFULLY TESTED UPON THE THAMES



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT: THE FÊTE AT THE GHEZIREH PALACE, CAIRO, OCTOBER 2 — DALLABEEVEHS AND STEAMBOATS ILLUMINATED ON THE NILE

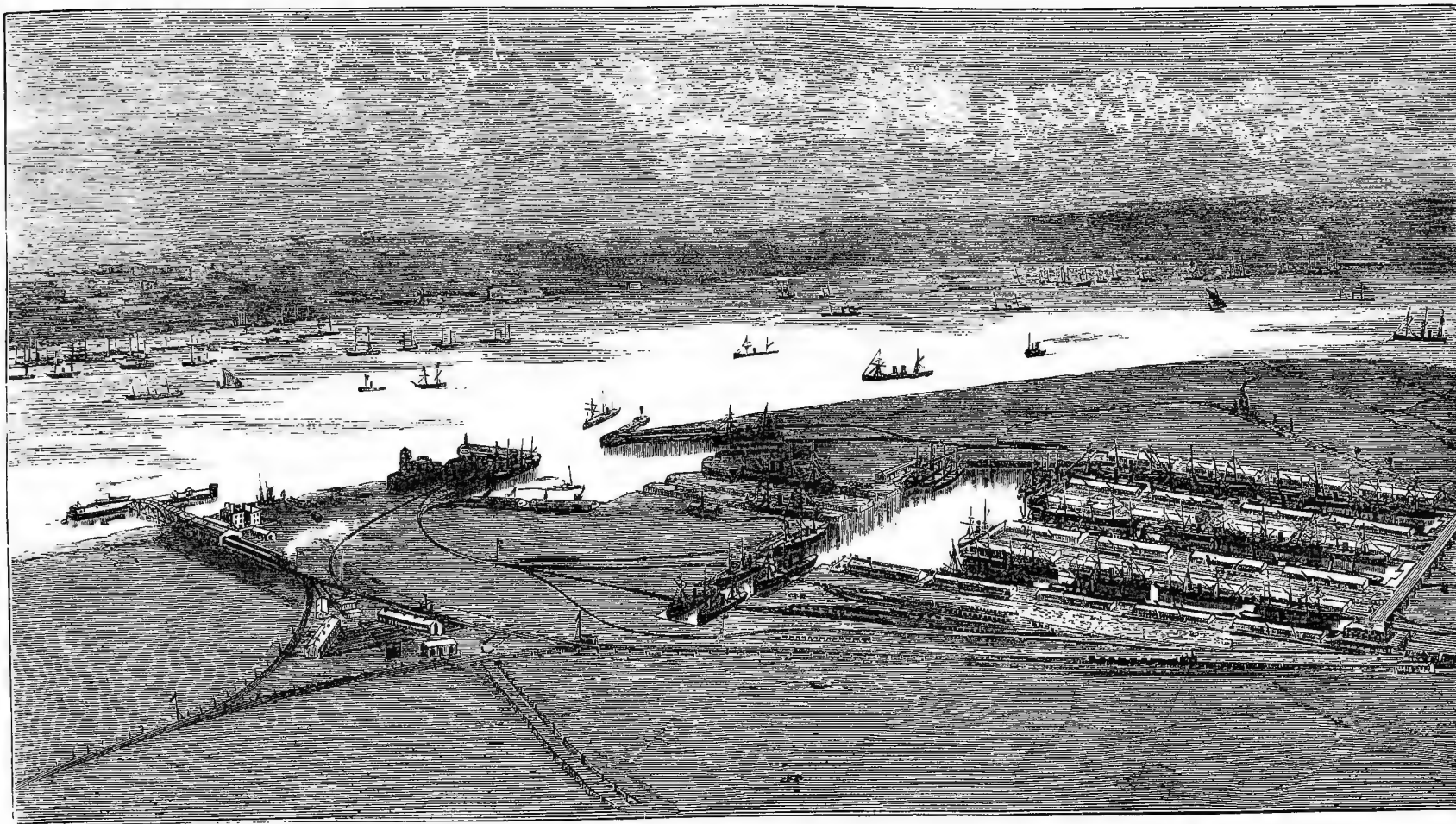
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



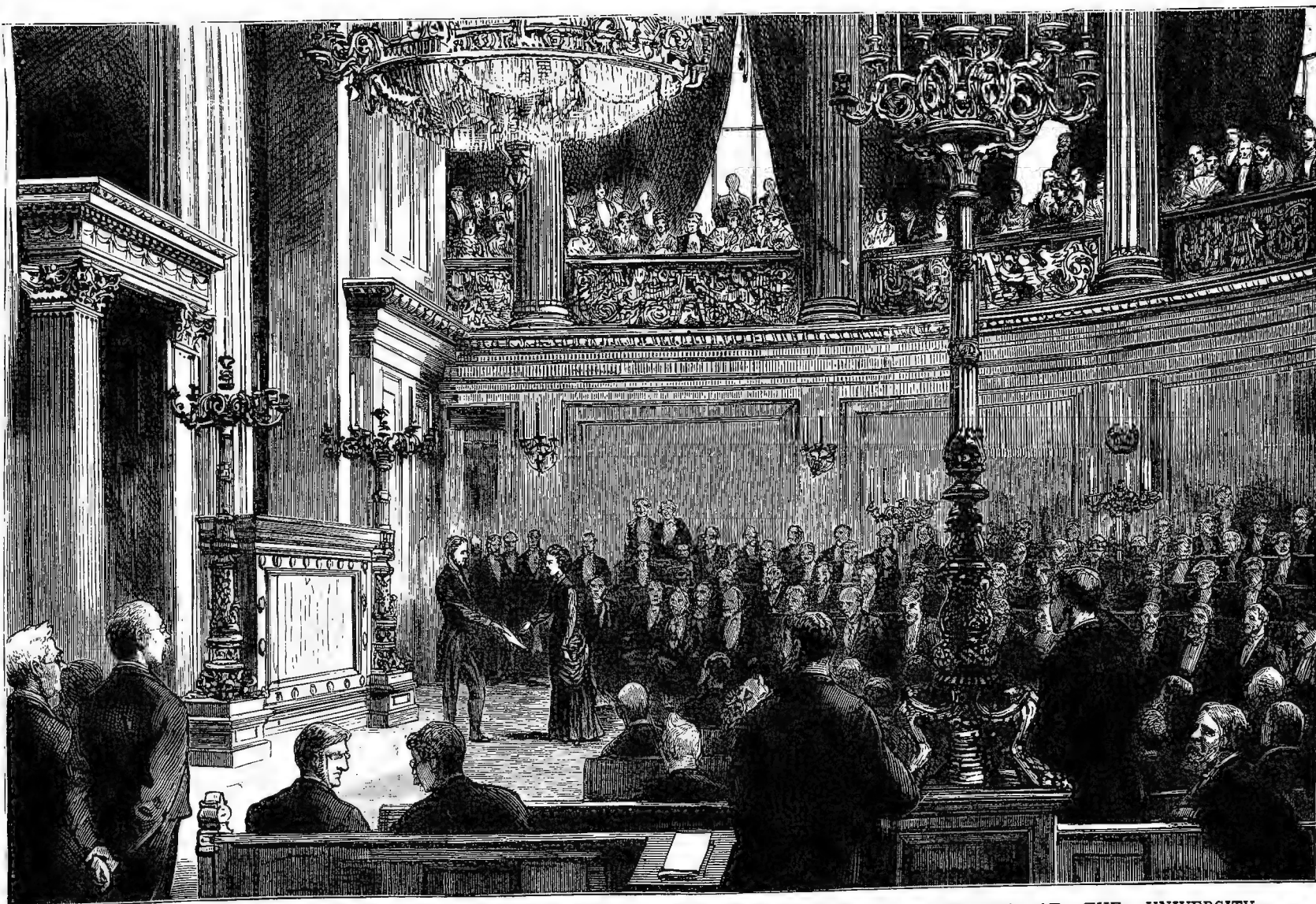
A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR
FROM OFFICIAL PLANS AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AND MILITARY OFFICERS PRESENT AT THE ACTION.

1	6 Guns on Canal Bank.	7	6 Gun Battery (highest part of position).
2	3 Gun Battery.	8	4 do. do.
3	1 do. do.	9	6 do. do.
4	1 do. do.	10	8 do. do.
5	4 do. do.	11	9 do. do.
6	4 do. do.		

12	4 Gun Battery.	17	9 Gun Battery.
13	3 do. do.	18	2 do. do.
14	5 do. do.	19	2 do. do.
15	2 do. do.	20	2 do. do.
16	2 do. do.	21	Battery.
		22	



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EAST AND WEST INDIA DOCK EXTENSION, TILBURY



WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN NORWAY — MATRICULATION OF THE FIRST FEMALE STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHRISTIANIA

their troubles were chiefly from porters, their desertion by whom at one or two critical points forced them to fling into the river tents, boats, and other valuables. They seem also to have been generally cheated by their guide; indeed, the picture they give of the traveller whom his guide takes where he likes, falsifying the names of rivers, &c., magnifying petty *soyas* into great princes, is evidently drawn from the life. What they did see, however, they saw thoroughly. Their geographical tables are valuable. They added a good deal to the West African fauna; and altogether "From Benguela to the Territory of Yacca" (Sampson Low) is much more interesting than most African travel-books. The accounts of native life are the result of close observation,—the journey occupied two years; and the concluding chapter is full of useful and practical suggestions. The writers have evidently found out the right sort of missionary—"not a fetishman in a black gown, but one who can teach some useful branch of human industry." They have their prejudices: the Arab race they hold to be "the pest of Africa, against which Europe should organise a permanent crusade." When they say that all the mischief has hitherto come from Egypt, they forget the far more demoralising slave trade across the Atlantic. They have, moreover, their private difference with Major Serpa Pinto, who complains that they deserted him. This they prove was not the case. Unable to agree about the route, the party divided; the Major taking almost half the goods and a third of the scientific apparatus, and a meeting-place—Bihé—having been distinctly arranged. The Major got the start of them with his book, and declaimed against their "want of loyalty and honour." As far as we can see, they show that these accusations are groundless. We fear that the dispute must have told seriously against the success of the Portuguese Expedition.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

MR. ARNOLD LUPTON'S recent lecture before the Coal-mining Department of the Yorkshire College is of universal interest in pointing out a comparatively new method of preventing one class of colliery disaster. The employment of gunpowder and other explosives for blasting the coal has long been known as a risky proceeding in mines which, from accumulation of gas, are called "fiery," and many methods have been tried to do without such treacherous agents. The most recent, and, perhaps, the most hopeful of these is the lime cartridge, introduced some months back, and which, according to Mr. Lupton, has given great satisfaction in the collieries of South Wales, Lancashire, Durham, Yorkshire, and other places, as well as in Belgium.

The action of the lime process depends upon the well-known fact observable in any street where building operations are in progress, that when water is added to quicklime heat and steam are generated, and the material swells to many times its former bulk. In practice the lime is made under immense pressure into cartridges, measuring about 5 inches in length and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter. These are inserted into holes bored in the face of the coal for the purpose, which holes are then filled up with clay. A small tube projects from each hole, its other end being inserted in a groove in the buried cartridge. These tubes are connected one by one with a small hand force-pump, by which the lime is easily charged with water. After a few minutes the chemical action commences. The heat generated converts part of the water into steam, the pressure of which, added to the gradual swelling of the lime, forces the coal asunder. The cost of the process seems to be slightly more than the ordinary system of blasting by gunpowder; but as the chance of explosion is nil, it must be far cheaper in the end, to say nothing of the saving of risk to human life. The process is not applicable in cases where immense power is required; but in general the lime cartridge can well take the place of "villainous saltpetre."

The installation on a large scale of the Edison system of electric lighting in the streets of New York has had one unlooked-for result which must be comforting to the gas company there. It has led to a great increase in the demand for gas. The reason of this is, that the people are so dazzled with the new lights that they try to bring the old ones up to the same standard. The various electric-lighting experiments which we have had during the past year in London do not seem to have affected the output at the Gas Works. According to the analysis of the London Gas Companies' accounts prepared by Mr. Field, the astonishing amount of 20,230 million cubic feet was made and consumed. A gas-holder to contain this quantity would be one mile square and 726 feet high. The cost of the gas to the public was 2,911,000*l.*

Dr. Siemens' bold scheme of burning coal at the pit mouth, and transmitting the energy derived from it to a distance by means of dynamo-machines and wires, has been realised to some extent, and in an experimental way, at the Electric Exhibition at Munich. The power was conveyed from Meisbach to Munich, a distance of thirty-five miles, and the return current, instead of being carried by the earth, as in ordinary telegraphic operations, traversed a return wire. The total distance, therefore, covered by the circuit was seventy miles. The dynamo-machine at either end was of the same size and pattern, and while the generating machine revolved at a speed of 2,200 turns per minute, the receiver revolved at 1,500 turns. It was calculated that more than sixty per cent. of the current generated became available at the receiving station, although during the experiment a heavy rain was falling, which would naturally interfere with good insulation of the wires. By means of a centrifugal pump a cascade of water, ten feet high and three feet wide, gave evidence of work accomplished and energy carried by wire across thirty-five miles of country.

According to the *Photographic News* a plan for making sun-signals self-recording is about to be organised between the islands of Mauritius and Réunion, which are not at present connected by telegraph. The distance across which these sun-signals are to be made is no less than 134 miles, but it has already been proved by experiment that the heliograph in such a clear atmosphere as prevails in that latitude is workable for at least 150 miles. A telescope is, of course, employed in the work, and it is proposed to attach to it a moving band of paper, after the style of the Morse telegraph instrument. Only in this case the paper will be sensitive to light, and will record the sun flashes as dots and dashes, as they work out the heliographic alphabet of shorts and longs.

The transit of Venus, which will take place on December 6th, will have many observers. England is sending out six parties, France eight. Russia, Germany, and America will also be well represented.

So many new canals are now either projected or actually in progress, that there is much interest attaching to a new means of towing vessels along such waterways. This method is the invention of M. Rigoni, and depends for its efficiency upon an endless cable of Bessemer steel, which moves along near the level of the water. Its continuous motion is due to a fixed engine, which operates upon five miles of cable; so that in the case of a canal of any great length, it would be divided into sections of five miles—each section having its own engine. The boats can be attached to the travelling cable by means of nippers, which are so arranged that they need not be detached when the supporting pulleys of the cable are passed. This system is being tried on the canal from Antwerp to Liège. Its promoters claim for it considerable increase of speed over other systems, and greater economy both in original capital required and in cost of working.

It seems an unfortunate thing that a steam tricycle should be subject to the same legal restrictions as a ponderous traction engine—but so it is. The rider of such a mechanical horse must confine

himself to a snail's pace, and must be preceded by a man carrying a red danger flag. There is little doubt, however, that if the steam tricycle be brought to perfection, and proves itself safe and well under control, the law would be modified in favour of such a convenient mode of travelling. Sir T. Parkyn's steam tricycle has now been for some time before the public, but for the reasons just explained its use is impossible in our thoroughfares. Notwithstanding this the machine has undergone many improvements. As it is necessary that a motor for this purpose should be of the lightest description, the engine employed is small, but is run at a high speed, being connected with the driving axle of the tricycle by means of gearing. The fuel used is liquid, and of such a nature that it can be volatilised into inflammable gas at the point of combustion. The whole of the machinery packs into a small space below and behind the rider's seat. The steam is condensed, so that there is no nuisance of escaping steam, and from the nature of the fuel there can be no smoke.

T. C. H.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is some difficulty in speaking in terms of adequate praise of "Helen of Troy," by Andrew Lang (George Bell), because to those who have not as yet read the poem what we should like to say might sound like hyperbole. Yet, in all seriousness, we have found no poem by a living author which surpasses it, either for beauty of diction, for descriptive power, or for that noble simplicity which is one of its chief characteristics, as it was of the great, heroic songs of the earlier singers. We will go a little further, and aver that if there are none in our time to surpass this grand poem, there are but few which can claim to rank as its equal. Mr. Lang has adopted, in our opinion wisely, that view of the daughter of Leda which holds her harmless from intentional wrong,—the sport of Fate and of Aphrodite; so viewed she assumes her place as an innocent victim beside such heroines of romance as are typified in La Belle Isonde, and we may give all our love and sympathy to her who in the words of our own glorious and sorely maligned singer, "launched a thousand ships, and burned the topmost towers of Ilium." It would be simply impossible, within our space, to dwell upon all the manifold beauties of the poem; let us, however, point out for the special attention of our readers Paris's description of his fatal judgment,—not without reminiscences of the Poet Laureate's "Enone;" the speech of Menelaus at page 165—in which, again, we seem to hear faint echoes of the "Lotos Eaters;" Helen's Defiance of Aphrodite; and the deaths of Corythus and Paris. And is not this verse, describing the child Hermioné, exquisite:—

Adrastæ set for her a shining chair,
Well-wrought of cedar wood and ivory;
And beautiful Alceppé led the fair,
The well-beloved child, Hermioné,—
A little maiden of long summers three,
Her star-like head on Helen's breast she laid,
And peeped out at the strangers wistfully
As is the wont of children half afraid.

There is the true Chaucerian element in those two last lines, and were there nothing else worthy of praise in "Helen of Troy," they would be sufficient to stamp the author as a man possessed of the genuine *afflatus*. Perhaps even better is the description of the bewildered queen floating the daisies down the stream. In short, Mr. Lang has written a noble poem, and made his mark once for all, even should he never follow up his present career.

One of the latest imitators of the modern so-called fleshly school of poetry is J. A. Hewitt, the author of "Summer Songs, and Other Poems" (Remington), but he may lay claim to originality of a kind, inasmuch as his verse has some features distinctively its own. We will pass over the rhythm, which is fairly good, and the rhyme, which is at times peculiar, and draw attention to Mr. Hewitt's striking turn for novel metaphors, and the charming words with which he has enriched our literature. It is true that a glossary might have been desired in the interests of the general public, still ingenuity is shown in such forms as "fulgour," "halituous," "nited," and "glouted." As for the metaphors, one example may suffice to illustrate our remarks:—

Tongues may make busy for a breathing space,
And Scandal's dunghills flap their wanton wings (*sic*.)

Truly a bold figure! The principal piece, "Gitane," is a rather dreary apostrophe of an old flame by a gentleman who made "those whom" rhyme to "blossom," and the lady's Christian name both to "upon" and "lawn;" he however gave her some excellent advice in the spirit of the lamented Dr. Watts, and then they went home as the weather looked threatening. In fairness we must state that there is just one piece, "The Romance of the King's Ransom," which in some measure redeems the general incapability.

On the whole it was hardly worth while to reproduce the pieces contained in "Garibaldi: A Group of Reprinted Poems," by Gerald Massey (J. Peacock), for they by no means give a fair notion of the author's powers, and their interest was necessarily of an ephemeral kind. Mr. Massey is not responsible for the reprint, except as having granted permission; which, probably, he felt that it would have seemed ungracious to refuse.

The chief thing that strikes one about "Roostum and Zohrab: a Persian Tale," by Ferdouzee, is the reckless manner in which the translator, Major-General Anderson, has indulged in the use of italics. Possibly this represents some feature of the original composition, but it might have been well to explain it. The piece is rather stupid, and the hero's opening speech in Scene 2 is suggestive of the masque in "Love's Labour Lost," or still more of St. George in the old country mumming show. Any manager wishing to produce the play must apply to the author at his private address, but we doubt whether the correspondence on the subject will largely augment the revenue.

The fourth volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s "Parchment Library Edition" is before us, containing *Twelfth Night*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *King John*. It is superfluous to praise this gem of publication.

"Love in a Mist," a romantic drama, by Keningale Cook, LL.D. (Pickering), is stated to be written "in familiar blank verse," and if the metre is a fair sample of that style we must own to preferring our blank verse unfamiliar. Here is a sample:—

The curious style of writing struck me then,
I'm sure I brought it with me. Why should she
Write to him? Then this meeting, can it be
Quite accidental, as it seemed? I'll go,
And find that envelope. I wonder if
I have it still?

The story of Lady Katharine Urswick's innocent bigamy, and its results, is not a bad one, and, with suitable treatment, might have been effective on the stage.

"The Illustrated Poetry Book for Young Readers" (T. Fisher Unwin) is a collection of verse, chiefly by minor writers, the general character of which is explained by the title. It is nicely produced, and some of the woodcuts are pretty.

In "Soliloquies in Song," by Alfred Austin (Macmillan), the author, one of the most genuine of modern poets, has done himself justice, although we could wish that, in a few places, he had paid a little more attention to that polish which no living writer knows better how to give, without the loss of force. Far and away the best things in the volume are "Ave Maria" and "A Farmhouse Dirge;" in the latter, the little touch about the cream, in the midst of the bereaved mother's lament, is a triumph of subtle and homely pathos. "A Woman's Apology" too, is beautiful. "Brother Benedict" is the old-world legend of the monk and the bird, but, good as the present poem is, the subject has been more powerfully treated by more than one author. "Primroses," especially

the concluding lines beginning "When the hawthorn, all ablow," is worthy of a place beside "L'Allegro."

Apart from the quaint title, and quaint appearance, there is much to attract in "Ane Booke of Ballades" by Jeanie Morison (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). The author is evidently conversant with the old literature of this kind, and has turned her knowledge to good account. Perhaps the most striking is "The Honey-haired Lady," a pathetic romance in the life of Duchess Sarah of Marlborough; but there are good passages in "The White Lady of Blenkinsopp," and almost all the contents have merit.



THE COTSWOLD SHEEP do not appear to be gaining in public favour, which turns more and more to the black-faced flocks. The Cotswolds are big animals, and the mutton is not always the best of food. The future of the Cotswold breed, in our opinion, is not so much in the United Kingdom as in the United States, where they do well, and give a large return as food. While the sheep on the Cotswold Hills will probably show an increasing proportion of other breeds than "Cotswolds," the hills themselves will always remain the home of many flocks; for they are essentially sheep soil, soon drying after rain, and not exposed to liver rot. Land on the Cotswolds is worth rather over fifteen shillings an acre on an average.

HORSES, CATTLE, AND SHEEP.—The sheep traffic on the Highland Railway this season has been heavier than in any year since the line opened. We believe the figure of 50,000 has been exceeded.—The returns of English exports show a steady increase in foreign purchases of our horses.—Tavistock Fair was characterised by a decline in the prices of cattle and sheep. Most recent fairs have been very dear.—The black runt cattle of Wales have been selling for remarkable prices, from two to three hundred guineas a head. Lord Penryn is a famous breeder of these famous animals.—At the recent ram-lettings in Yorkshire very high terms have been quoted.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.—A weekly contemporary, usually staid and cautious enough, is so far deluded by logic as to affirm that it believes "the controlling of expenditure by those who are most heavily taxed to provide the sinews of war, will be a long step towards the reduction of county disbursements." Unhappily, fact in this matter hardly agrees with logic. The School Boards, with all their extravagance, are elected by ratepayers. The City of London, with its proverbially lavish expenditure, elects its Common Council yearly, and by a wide suffrage. The House of Commons itself is notoriously more ready to vote away a few millions than to allow a retrenchment of a few thousands. County government vested in the ratepayers would probably be much dearer than it is now.

THE SOUTH MIDLANDS.—The new valuation list for the sixteen Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire parishes, comprising the Leighton Buzzard Union, has just been completed. The last valuation was made in the year 1866, and amounted in the gross to 123,596*l.*, the rateable value being 105,000*l.* The entire district is purely agricultural, yet, in spite of the run of bad years from 1875 to 1881 inclusive, the valuation has now been raised in gross amount to 177,811*l.*, and in rateable amount to 145,462*l.*, making an increase of 54,215*l.* on the gross value, and 40,462*l.* in the rateable value of this extensive expanse of agricultural land.

HAMPSHIRE.—Against the rise in values in the South Midlands the following testimony from Hampshire shows that improvement is not universal. We may be allowed to doubt whether it be even frequent. Around Winchester there are now five farms to be sold, the first at 6,000*l.*, being 4,000*l.* reduction on the price paid in 1877; the second at 4,500*l.*, being 3,700*l.* reduction on the price paid in 1872; the third at 11,000*l.*, being 4,000*l.* reduction on the price paid in 1870; the fourth, an unencumbered freehold, let for many years at 1,000*l.* a year, offered for sale at 20,000*l.*; the fifth, recently let at 800*l.* a year, can be had at less than twenty years purchase. So much for agricultural prosperity in the South of England.

CABBAGES AND TURNIPS.—A well-known agriculturist writes to express the reason for his preferring cabbages to turnips for feeding purposes. The reason is to be found in the result of elaborate experiments, which we should hold to be conclusive but for a fear (based on similar experiences in the past) that in a week or two another equally well-known agriculturist will write to explain how a number of if possible still more elaborate experiments have induced him to prefer turnips to cabbages. But the following piece of advice with respect to storing cabbages is not likely to be controverted. "Cut them off at the root just below the leaves, turning them upside down to allow the water to run out of them, and piling them up like a potato pit, by which means they are safe from weather. Take care not to make the heap wider than four feet at the bottom, or more than four feet high."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A woodcock was flushed at Whitstone on the 18th October.—A milk-white stoat with black eyes was seen by Mr. E. Karslake on the 16th inst.—The Manx shearwater has been taken near Taunton. This bird was previously unknown in Somerset, though it was recorded as having been taken at Lundy Island.—Buffon's skua has recently been taken at Canvey Island, in Essex.—Fieldfares have arrived at Flamborough, and a woodcock has been picked up in the sea not far from this famous headland.—The monument to "Old Tom," in Leadenhall Market, has just been renovated. "Old Tom" was not the founder of a gin distillery, neither was he a cat. "Old Tom" was a gander which lived for one-and-thirty years in Leadenhall Market, the longest recorded duration of life in any gallinaceous bird.—Field mice are extremely numerous in Germany just now, and farmers are complaining greatly of the little fellows' voracity.

WOOL.—The English market still shows no signs of change, and prices exhibit scarcely any variation. The demand for fleeces is very dull, and those of Southdown sheep have recently been offered at a slight decline.

HOPS.—This year's failure of English hops has made the fortunes of some speculators, one of whom, we believe, has already cleared out his holdings of 1881 hops at a profit of 100,000*l.* The German hops are in request, but the supply is not large. The yield in England is now generally accepted as having been rather under than over 1,000,000 cwt.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new railway is projected from Brentwood to Southend.—A new railway is projected from Ticehurst to Eastbourne.—A new flower, not wholly unlike a yellow crocus, has recently been introduced from Sicily. Its name is *Sternbergia Etnensis*, and it is of hardy growth.—A word to those who love their winter flowers. Do not let November come on and find the flowers of your chrysanthemums unthinned.—Can the improved botanical taste of the present day do nothing for the calceolaria? Such calceolarias as we ordinarily see are both coarse in colour and ugly in form.—A few flowers are still with us. Marigolds and coreopsis yet linger, and the meadow saffrons have done well this year. Then we have a few Bonvardias, southern red lilies, single dahlias, and the white starred pyrethrum.

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awarded for "Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery in
exquisite taste"; also the Chevalier's Cross of the
Legion of Honour, the Croix and Diplôme d'Honneur, and
Gold Medal of l'Académie Nationale, Paris.
Established A.D. 1798.
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These excellent Watches are kept wound up by the
ordinary movements of the person wearing them, and
THEY WILL GO FOR FIFTY-SIX HOURS AFTER
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THE PERPETUAL SELF-WINDING WATCH
COMPANY,

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SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, with
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Cocoa Thickened with Weakness with Starch, &c., and
really cheaper. The Faculty pronounce it the most
nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAK-
FAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable
for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all climates.
Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup
costing less than a halfpenny. In tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s.,
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CHOCOLATE ESSENCE.

If cocoa seeds as imported are roasted, then broken
up into "nibs"—small pieces—and subjected to very
high pressure in an hydraulic press, they give out a
large percentage of their oil or butter, which is
removed, and the remaining constituents of the nibs
fall into powder—Chocolate Essence. This absolute
cocoa is left unsweetened. It retains intact its fine
natural flavour, as well as that enlivening active prin-
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Packets 6d. or 1s., or tins 9d., 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 3s., or 7s. 6d.
J. EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN
COMPANY are now manufacturing their FLOUR
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GLYKALINE,
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for
Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Ailments
of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves
Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus,
and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured
in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented
remedy in these complaints.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under
date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
valuable property of CURING cold in the head. The
man who has discovered a surer remedy for this plague
ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-
for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE. The
unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testi-
mony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals
of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of
colds. He writes interestingly, 'desiring,' as he says,
'only to make known the healing properties of
GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering
human race.'"

GLYKALINE is the surest and
speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer
from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d.,
and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists
Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE.

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
For Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neu-
ralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable
specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and
Sciatica. It relieves often INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will
be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with
these disorders.

NEURALINE seldom fails to give
relief. It is in demand throughout the world.
As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly
celebrated, a single application (in many cases) perma-
nently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received
the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Burr Light-
house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mr. Edgar cannot
express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline.
It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD
EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost
instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles,
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated
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AUROSINE.

AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR
Preserving the Hands, the Skin, and Lips from Rough-
ness, Chaps, &c.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
and Unsightliness of the Skin after exposure to
sea-air and cold. It renders the surface of the skin
beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness,
and the natural hue of health, without in any way injuring
the skin or impeding the pores, but, on the contrary,
AUROSINE is pleasant to use, agreeable in perfume,
colourless, and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post,
1s. 4d. each.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS for Common
Complaints, and Complete Catalogue of Homoeo-
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London and Provincial Homoeopathic Practitioners, with
a Catalogue of the most useful works on Homoeopathy,
free by post on application.

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TURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE,

The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums.
This elegant and approved preparation may be used
in all conditions. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth,
prevents decay, improves and preserves the enamel,
hardens the Gums, and improves their colour. As an
astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, this Dentifrice is
much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effec-
tually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s.,
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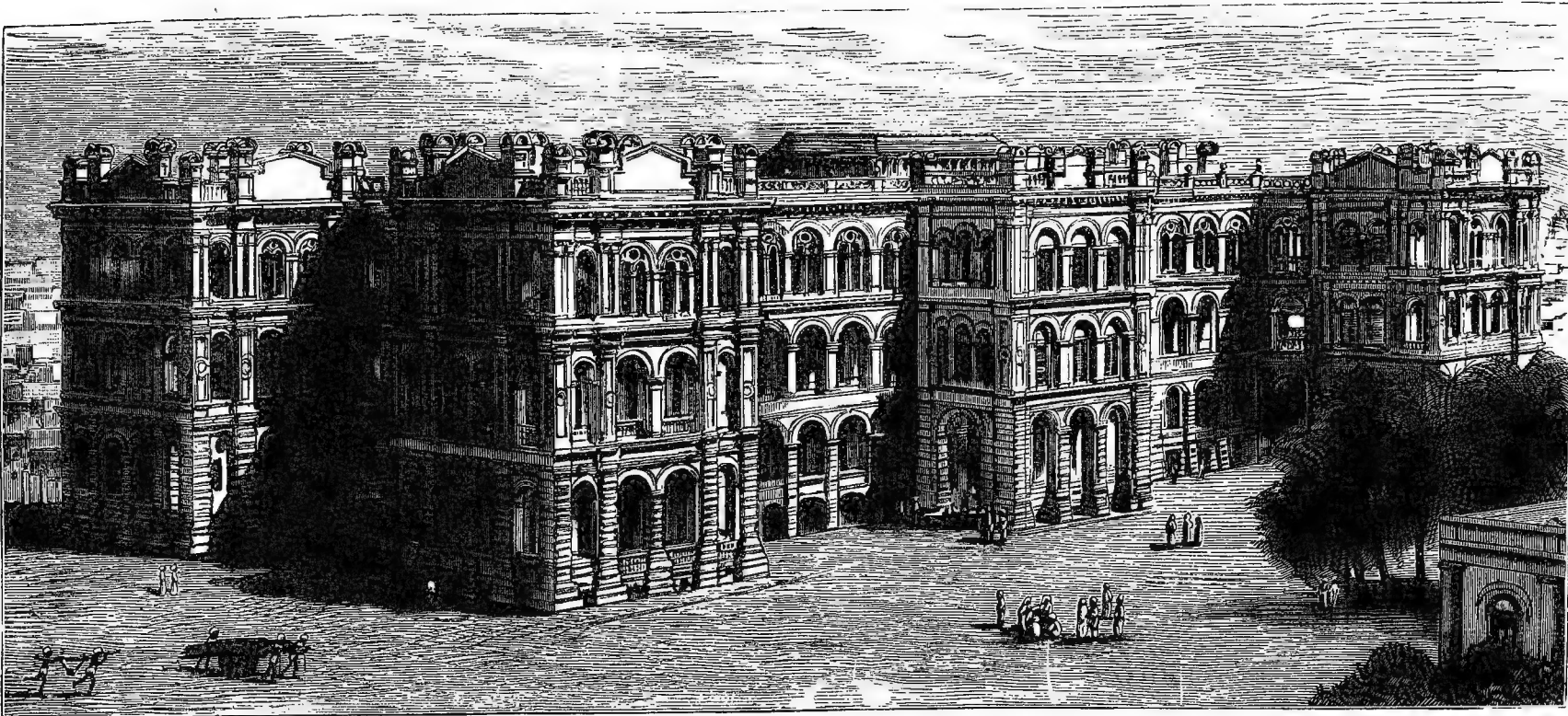
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For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Consti-
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Headache, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and
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removes dullness and depression, with a feeling of gid-
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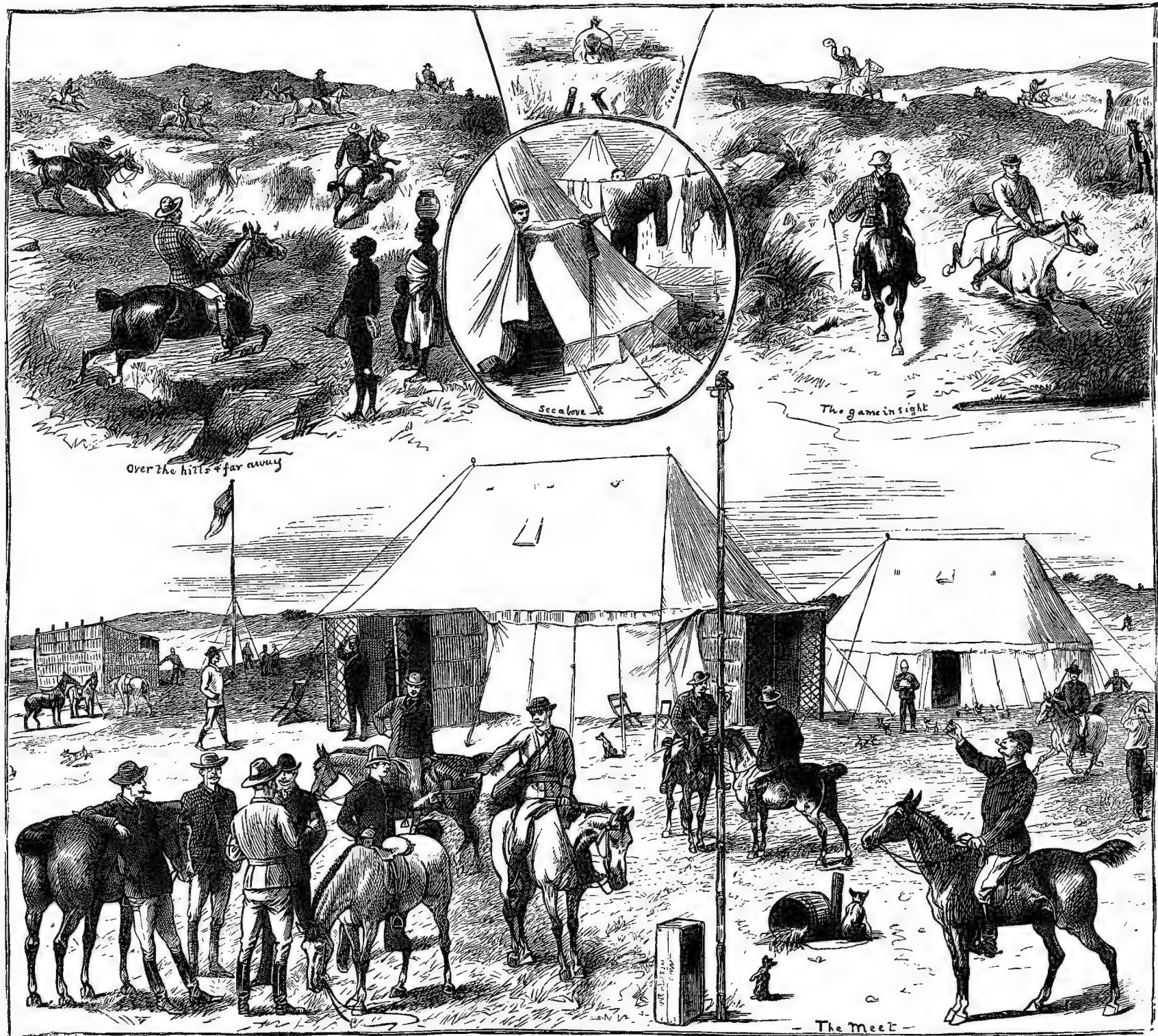
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THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE HAIR.

By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished
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weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and pre-
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OZONISED OIL, by its penetrating and speedily strength-
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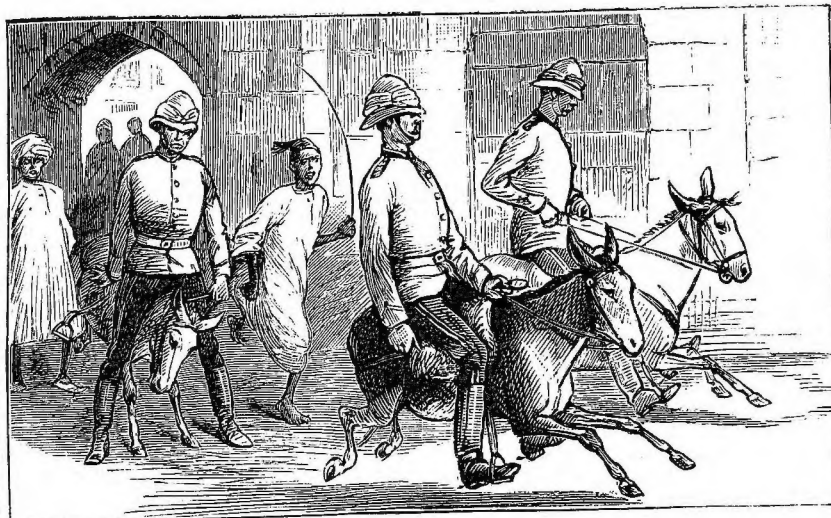


CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS EXAMINING THE KITS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AT PORTSMOUTH

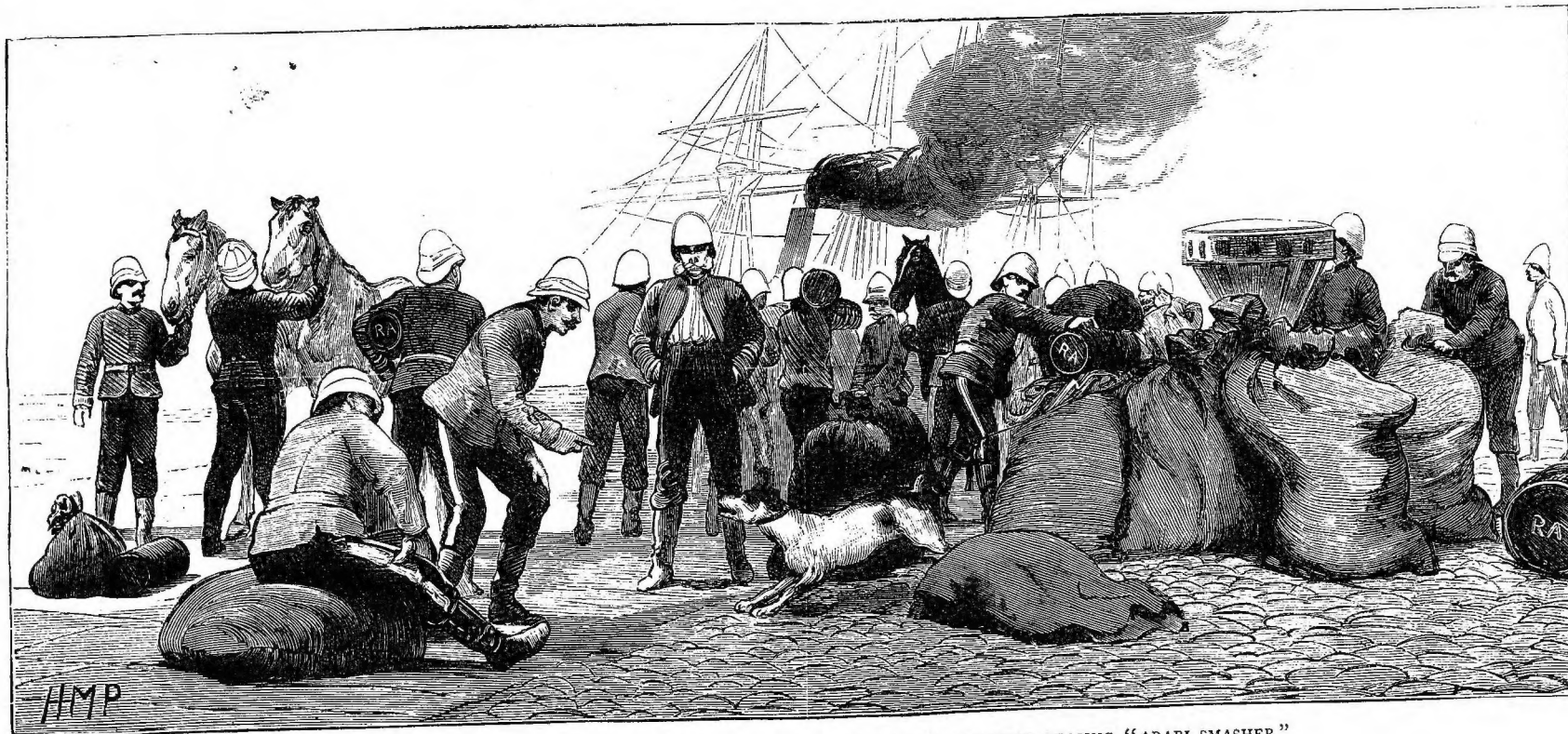


A GUARDSMAN IN SUSPENSE—"FRIEND OR FOE?"

From Sketches During the Recent Campaign by a Trooper of the First Life Guards



LIFE GUARDS GOING FROM CAIRO TO THEIR BARRACKS



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AT PORTSMOUTH PREPARING TO START INLAND—SOLDIERS TEASING "ARABI SMASHER"

THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT

for a whole sitting is concerned. Still, the imprisonment of Mr. Gray was too good an opportunity to be trifled with, and the necessity for securing a fresh lease of public attention in Ireland would, it was expected, urge them to exceptional activity.

When the House met this general anticipation of something lively was greatly strengthened. Considering the inconvenience of the time of meeting, there was an extraordinary muster of Members. Every seat was filled, and the Members who had omitted the observances of prayer-time were relegated to the galleries, where they looked down upon the moving scene below. Mr. Bradlaugh was early in attendance, but his punctuality was excelled by that of the Prime Minister, who had the advantage that he might sit through prayers, which Mr. Bradlaugh does not. The Speaker took the Chair at four o'clock, and there appeared a general impression amongst Members that, as happens in ordinary times, public business would not commence till half-past four. To this was due the very tame reception which two newly-elected members met with. The reason why, when the Speaker takes the Chair at four o'clock (as he does all through an ordinary Session) public business does not commence till half-past four, is that the interval is allotted to the discharge of private business. In the current part of the Session there is no private business, and therefore public business commences forthwith. Lord Randolph, from whom few things are hidden, was aware of this, and was in his place to raise that great Constitutional point which had very recently, but happily before it was too late, presented itself to his mind. He was on his feet promptly as the minute hand passed four o'clock, even attempting to rush in between the Speaker and the introduction of the two new Members who stood at the Bar. But the Speaker has a useful faculty for ignoring Members out of order. He took no notice of Lord Randolph, and called upon the new Members to come forward. Mr. Shaw, elected in place of the late Mr. Hutchinson, got safely to the table, and had the oath administered to him whilst Lord Randolph was digesting this first snub from the Speaker. But his lordship is unaccustomed to being snubbed, and was up again even whilst Mr. Craig Sellar was advancing towards the table to take the oath. "Mr. Speaker," he cried, but the Speaker took no notice, and Haddingtonshire had its member sworn in and privileged to take his seat.

There was now no obstacle to the delivery of Lord Randolph's oration, and he began with the assertion that he "rose to move that this House do now adjourn," whereat there was much laughter and ironical cheering. Members who had flocked into the lobby at the prayers, and had proposed to themselves half-an-hour's gossip, streamed into the House when the word passed round that the fun had commenced. Before Lord Randolph had gone far with his demonstration of the new wrench to the Constitution of which Mr. Gladstone was guilty, the benches filled up, and the House presented an animated appearance. On the Treasury bench Mr. Gladstone was joined by Sir William Harcourt, Lord Hartington, Mr. Childers, Mr. Dodson, Sir Charles Dilke, and other colleagues. Mr. Chamberlain being conspicuous by his absence. The front Opposition bench was also well filled, Sir Stafford Northcote going through a prolonged series of hand-shaking with Members who came flocking round anxious to bear personal testimony to the high place the right hon. baronet fills in the esteem of all parties. Lord Randolph himself was supported by the full strength of his party. Poor old Mr. Bentinck, hobbling down on two sticks, had endeavoured to secure his familiar place at the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway. Here he had sat whilst Lord Randolph Churchill was a boy in petticoats. But the noble lord had been too quick for him, and had secured the corner seat. Mr. Bentinck meekly took the second, having Sir Henry Wolff on the other side of him. Presently the position grew so embarrassing, owing to frequent conferences across his body, that the old gentleman rose and quitted the House. Then the Fourth Party was united, and sat full four strong facing the smiling Ministerialists. The Irish Members were also in full muster, reinforced by the presence of Mr. Gray, who, when the House last sat, was in prison. Mr. John Dillon was absent, and the new Irish Party, consisting of Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Callan, had not yet arrived.

Lord Randolph's contention was that an unconstitutional act had been committed because, according to the invariable usages of Parliament, the Prorogation had not followed immediately upon the passing of the Appropriation Act. This was a nice little subject for discussion by a Debating Society, from which point of view Lord Randolph made a poor figure in the hands of Mr. Gladstone. The Premier, though suffering from a cold, was in good form, and entered with characteristic zest into the niceties of the question. He showed at the outset the weakness of Lord Randolph's position, for if there was anything in his argument he should have moved not that the House should adjourn, but that Parliament be prorogued. He also cited the case of the Session of 1820 to show that when the House of Commons had passed the Appropriation Act on the 21st August, Parliament was not adjourned till 23rd November, which made an end of the argument of no precedent, and put Lord Randolph in a somewhat painful position, as he was convicted of withholding this fact from the knowledge of the House, and finally the Premier showed that censure, if any was due, must fall upon the House as a whole, seeing that it had, after due deliberation, agreed to the Autumn Session as being the most convenient way of meeting a public necessity.

This episode, though of the least practical value, occupied the lion's share of the sitting. Thereafter everything went with astonishing smoothness, and the House, rising at nine o'clock, had passed the resolution giving precedence to consideration of the Procedure Rules. The Irish difficulty was got over by the Premier's moving for a Select Committee, and a conciliatory speech disarmed opposition to the motion for precedence. Thus on Wednesday the way was cleared for work, and the discussion on the first Resolution was seriously undertaken. On Thursday the Debate was intermitted whilst Mr. Gladstone moved a vote of thanks to the forces engaged in the Egyptian Expedition, to whom a similar honour was done in the House of Lords at the instance of Lord Granville.



THE TURF.—Before making a few jottings on the proceeding at Newmarket during the present week, it may be well to refer to the race at the recent Sandown Meeting for the Great Sapling Plate. Eleven youngsters came to the post, and of these Goldfield, who escaped the highest penalty, was made first favourite. He justified the selection, as he won pretty easily, The Prince being second, and Rookery third, both carrying the extreme penalty. On the Wednesday, this week, at Newmarket, he ran in the Dewhurst Plate, and, carrying a 4 lb. penalty, got second to Ladislas, who was unpenalised, Acrostic was third, and Energy with a 4 lb. and St. Blaise with a 7 lb. penalty, were nowhere. After Macheath, who won the Criterion at Newmarket on Monday with his 7 lb. penalty easily enough, the best of our two-year-olds seem pretty much together, but they are a smartish lot. On the Criterion day, in the Trial Stakes, Valentino turned the tables on Suter; in the Nursery Handicap, for which a round score ran, Mr. W. H. Manser brought off a 20 to 1 chance with General Wilton, and Lord Hartington a 10 to 1 chance with the Chaplet gelding in the Flying Stakes, for

which nineteen started. In the Ancaster Welter Lord Stamford's Incognito followed up her recent success, and showed herself a pretty smart filly in beating a pretty good field of eleven. Tuesday, when the Cambridgeshire was set for decision, will long be remembered in the annals of Newmarket as one of the most fearful days meteorologically ever experienced on the "blasted heath." Somehow or other four races were got through, but by the time the horses had got to the post for the Cambridgeshire, so blinding was the rain, snow, and wind, the latter blowing pretty well a hurricane, that the Stewards sent down word to the starter that the race would be postponed till the morrow. Such an event as one of the most important flat races of the year being postponed through stress of weather is, we think, unprecedented in the history of the Turf. Wednesday made some amends for Tuesday, and the weather was fairly enjoyable. An enormous crowd was present to "assist" at the big race, and the Prince of Wales was among the visitors. For weeks the betting on this race has been more extensive than for some years past, a score or more of animals having been seriously supported by those connected with them; and perhaps on no occasion have there been fewer scratchings of importance. That, however, of Thebais, whom the public had strongly fancied, on the Tuesday morning, called forth a storm of disapprobation; and the hissing of the colours of the Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Crawford as they were being carried by Bay Archeress to the post for the first race of the day was painfully significant. It is an event of this character that furnishes the enemies of the Turf with a weapon, and justifies them in saying that honourable feelings and a high-toned love of the sport have almost disappeared from racing. The number of competitors for the Cambridgeshire was thirty-one, the same as in 1879 and 1880, and one less than last year. At the start Shrewsbury was first favourite at a little over 5 to 1, Hackness was at 8, and Buchanan at 11, after which came Nesscliff, Tristan, and Sachem. The result justified the market quotations, as Hackness won and Shrewsbury was second. Venusta, who ran third, was a veritable outsider, who figured at 100 to 1. Geheimniss did fairly well in running fourth, and so did Lowland Chief with 9st. 11lb. on his back in running fifth. The winner, be it noted, was beaten this year in a Hunters' (?) Race; and so may be coupled with another Cambridgeshire winner, who was ridden as a park hack before winning the big short-distance handicap.—A fresh consignment of American thoroughbreds belonging to Mr. Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, have arrived in this country, and been placed under the care of T. Cannon, who will act instead of Pincus as trainer in this country for Mr. Lorillard.—There is no truth that the other American sportsman, Mr. Keene, the owner of Foxhall, is about to remove his horses from W. Day's establishment.—A foreign contemporary informs us that a racing partnership is about to be formed between Count de Lagrange and the Duchess d'Uzes, preliminary to a partnership of a more tender nature.

FOOTBALL.—So many games have been played in the Association Challenge Cup, that it must suffice to say that in them the Eton Ramblers, Darwen, Aston Villa, Halliwell, South Reading, Royal Engineers, Walsall Town, and the Blackburn Rovers have been victorious.—At Eton the "Boys" have beaten a team of Old Etonians "in the field."—In a Rugby Union game the Clapham Rovers have beaten the Old Cheltonians by two goals and two tries to nothing.

COURSING.—There has been plenty of public coursing recently in various directions. At Tamworth the Bonehill Stakes were divided between Mr. J. Parker's Worcester and Mr. G. Ainge's Ragman; Mr. Heatley's Hylan Prince won the Drayton Manor Stakes; the Tweeddale Stakes for Dog Puppies fell to Mr. J. Bonnett's Benedict, and the Tamworth Stakes for Bitch Puppies to Mr. Byrne's Dark Laura.—The South Lancashire (Southport) Meeting was as usual supported by many crack kennels. The South Lancashire Derby was divided between Mr. Hornby's Hesketh Bank, Mr. G. Foxcroft's Joskin, and Mr. J. Blackburn's Boundaway; and the South Lancashire Oaks fell to Mr. R. Barlow's Sal. The Scarisbrick Cup was divided between Mr. S. Skinner's Sheffield Steel and Mr. J. Smith's Stormer.—At High Gosford Park, the St. Leger, limited to 150 puppies, was divided between Dareness Valley, Dry Remark, and Gyril; and Mr. W. Smith's Sapper beat Sir W. C. Anstruther's (Mr. J. Hinks's) Marshal MacMahon for the Gosford October Stakes.

AQUATICS.—The match for 100l. a side between Godwin and Bubeat, which seems to create some little interest, will be rowed over the Thames Championship Course on Saturday, the 28th.—At Oxford Mr. Paterson, of Trinity, has been re-elected President of the University Boat Club, with Mr. Courtney, of New, Treasurer, and Mr. Higgins, of Magdalen, Secretary.

CRICKET.—The details of the match between the Australians and Eighteen of New York, which the former won by seven wickets, have come to hand. The Eighteen could only manage to put together 27 in their first innings, the highest score being 5. Seven batsmen scored 1 each, and six marked "a duck." In their second innings they did better, scoring 102, of which C. Wilson scored 35. The bowling of Spofforth and Boyle was up to their best form. Of the 116 made on the first hand by the Australians, Murdoch scored 54, and Giffen 36. It is said that cricket is showing marked signs of increasing popularity in America.

BICYCLING.—The annual contest for the Fifty Miles Amateur Challenge Cup came off at Lillie Bridge on Saturday last. There were seven competitors, but at the fortieth mile only Gaskell, of the Ranelagh Harriers, and Vesey, of the Surrey B.C., were left on the track. Gaskell rode gamely, but Vesey had no difficulty in winning by seven minutes. His time was 3 hours 10 minutes.

SHOOTING.—An account has come to hand of two gentlemen having killed nearly 150 landrails on an "Emergency farm" in Ireland. Landrails have been unusually plentiful in Ireland and England this season, but the above bag is, we should think, unprecedented.—The deer-stalking season is now over, and has been a very good one. Among the records are the following:—At Wyvis Mr. Horatio Ross shot 27 stags; Lord Ormathwaite and party, at Fanwick, 45; Mr. Grenfell, M.P., at Guberningsach, 30; Lord Chesham, at Lochmore, 59; Sir Arthur Bass, at Glenquoich and Cluny, 60; Messrs. Loder, at Gildermorie, 70; and Sir Edward Scott, 128.



THE SEVERE SENTENCE of five years' penal servitude has been passed by Lord Craighill upon Charles Soutar, unanimously found guilty by the Edinburgh jury of removing the body of the Earl of Crawford from the tomb at Duncluth. The crime, whether committed out of revenge or in the hope of obtaining money, was of exceptional atrocity, and deserved, so the judge declared, to be exceptionally punished.

AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT on Thursday last John Saunders, the Stamford Hill burglar, was sentenced to penal servitude for life for feloniously shooting at Richard Howe, with intent to murder him. On the previous day the prisoner had pleaded guilty to two burglaries.

GREAT DISMAY has been caused at Cambridge by the discovery that of all the borough magistrates appointed for the last ten years

none have qualified before the proper authority. In every instance they were sworn in before two borough justices, whereas they should have qualified at Quarter Sessions. Seven of them last week appeared before the Recorder, and took the oath in proper form. But legal proceedings, it is whispered, are in contemplation to reverse some of their decisions previously given.

"HOW COULD I MAKE her look like a Venus, when it was all wadding?" was the indignant demand of a dressmaker in the Brighton County Court when the defendant refused to pay her bill on the ground that the dress "did not fit, and could not be made to fit." The dress-maker's revelation, though it brought down the house, was not, however, sufficient to win the suit. Although not expected to make a Venus of her client, the plaintiff was yet bound to follow the pattern given her; and as she had failed in doing this to the satisfaction of the judge, who saw the dress tried on in the solicitors' robing-room, a verdict was consequently returned for the defendant.

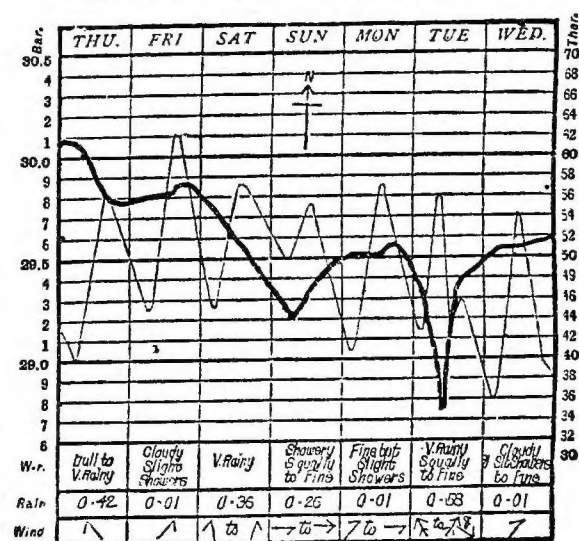
THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH FOR BETHNAL GREEN gives a terrible report of a visit of inspection to the numerous bakehouses (112 in all) of that unfortunate parish. In forty-one baking was carried on in underground cellars; troughs and utensils were unclean in 22, and walls and roofs needed lime-washing in 58. Other details were even more repulsive. Altogether the condition of the bakehouses generally was worse than at the last inspection in 1878, and the pastrycooks' shops were worse even than the bakers'. Dr. Bate is of opinion that the Bakehouse Regulation Act of 1863 should never have been repealed.

THE SUM OF THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE has been recovered by a Mr. Gadsby from the Brighton Railway Company for expenses caused by the detention of the train in which he was a passenger. The train was arrested at three stations for the purpose of attaching horse-boxes, and Mr. Gadsby, who had to leave London by the South-Eastern Railway for the Continent in the afternoon, was obliged to take a cab in order to catch the train at Cannon Street. The defendants submitted that they had used all diligence to keep time, but the judge, on hearing the evidence, decided for the plaintiff.

THE QUEEN, it is stated, will not open the new Law Courts in State, but will simply drive from Buckingham Palace, escorted by a squadron of Life Guards, to the grand entrance, where she will be met by the Lord Chancellor, and the opening ceremony will take place. The event is fixed for the third week in November. The Michaelmas sittings, which commence on the 2nd of November, will be held, as usual, at Westminster and Lincoln's Inn.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM OCTOBER 19 TO OCTOBER 25 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been rendered extremely unsettled by the passage across England of several depressions, most of which have been of little intensity, but one of which possessed considerable depth and importance. The first of these disturbances advanced over us on Thursday (19th inst.), and occasioned several hours' steady rain in the latter part of the day. The next approached from the westward on Saturday (21st inst.) being more heavy rain, its disappearance in the course of Sunday (22nd inst.) being attended by constant showers in the morning. The third, and by far the most important, advanced quickly to the south of England next day, caused severe (23rd inst.) and, crossing the south-east of England next day, caused severe southerly and south-westerly gales and further heavy rain. On Wednesday (25th inst.) the weather became fine, but showers still passed over at intervals, and conditions did not seem at all settled. Temperature has been, as a rule, about the average for the time of year, but on the afternoons of Sunday (22nd inst.) and Tuesday (24th inst.) the thermometer fell considerably, and was for a time below its normal height. The barometer was highest (30.07 inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); lowest (28.76 inches) on Tuesday (24th inst.); range, 1.31 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Friday (20th inst.); lowest (36°) on Wednesday (25th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell every day. Total amount, 1.65 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.58 inches, on Tuesday (24th inst.).

WELCOME HOME!

BACK from the field of fame,
Welcome the Brave!
Back from Kassassin's fight,
Tell of their deeds of might.
Oh! 'twas a glorious sight.
Welcome the Brave!

Welcome the Heroes home!
Honour the Brave!
Bells ring in joyful strain,
"Welcome them home again."
Hark! to the glad refrain,
Honour the Brave!

Welcome our soldiers home!
Home from afar.
Welcome, with martial strain,
Tell how they charged again
Round Tel-el-Kebir's plain;
On through the war!

Back from the field of fame,
Welcome the Brave!
Joyful the tidings run;
Fought is the fight and won.
Nobly, 'twas nobly done.
Honour the Brave!

W. J. ROWLAND

Now Ready, price One Shilling.
THE FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME OF THE MAGAZINE OF ART, being the NOVEMBER PART, which is enriched by a beautiful ETCHING, by LALAUZE, after an Original Drawing by G. L. SEYMOUR, entitled "Maiden Dreams."
 "The exquisite beauty of the engravings in the MAGAZINE OF ART, and the excellence of the letter-press, should carry the Magazine into every home where Art is appreciated."—*Standard*.
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THE QUIVER for NOVEMBER,
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